Alexandre Benois on the Creation of *Petrouchka*

Dance and Dancers

MARCH 1957

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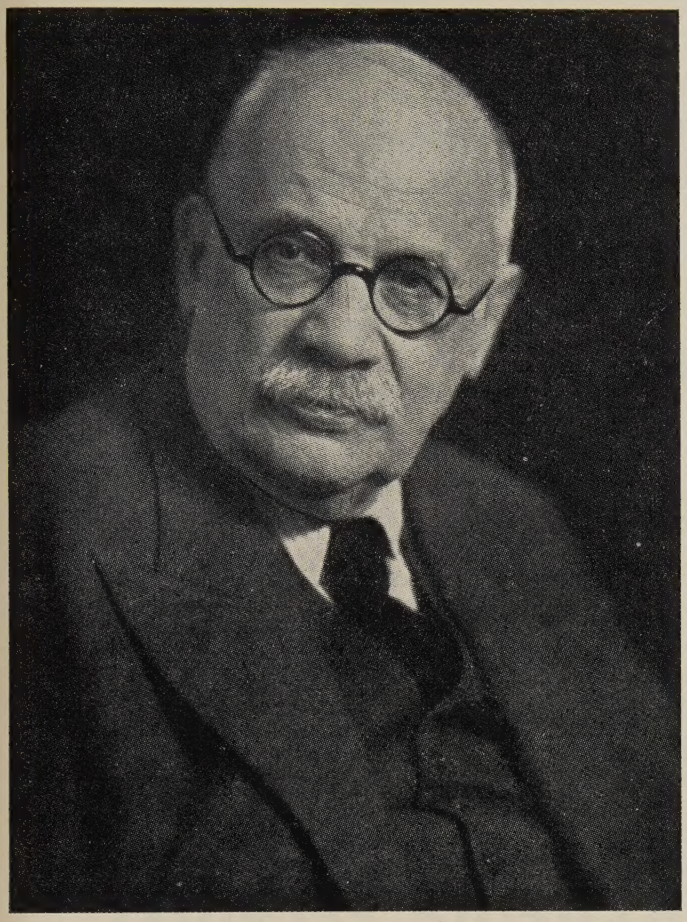

Photo: Emile Marcovitch

Alexandre Benois

NO admirer of Caryl Brahms's fictional Ballet Stroganoff will ever forget the classic phrase: "And Alexandre Benois—if 'e come." Well, Benois did come, and with his coming revolutionised ballet to an extent which today is not perhaps fully appreciated.

Just how much of the glory attached to the magic name of Serge Diaghilev should have been given to the circle of collaborators the great impresario collected around him must be a problem for future ballet historians. They may well decide that the aura surrounding the gargantuan personality of Diaghilev has obscured the credit due to Benois, Fokine and, perhaps to a lesser degree, Bakst.

Benois was a great scene designer, although not necessarily one of the greatest. He had a considerable influence on Fokine, and, after the very conflicting evidence has been sifted, it is probably to Benois that the lion's share of the triumph of *Petrouchka* belongs.

Benois was born in 1870, the year of the first production of *Coppélia*. He made his début as a designer in 1901, when he produced the *décor* and costumes for a revival of *Sylvia* at the Maryinsky Theatre. Apart from *Giselle* the ballets we now regard as classics were the modern works of his youth; Pavlova, Karsavina and Nijinsky were the young rising dancers. His greatest work had been accomplished before Ulanova was born. Now he lives quietly in Paris, while the art of ballet to which he contributed so much gets older if not wiser.

This year the Paris Opéra have scrapped the modern *décor* they commissioned for *Giselle* from Carzou, and replaced it with the old Benois designs, as being more in keeping with the "tradition." So the revolutionary of *The World of Art* has become a traditionalist! But at least his *décor* for *Giselle* did not become old-fashioned after only three years as did Carzou's.

After the creative Fokine-Benois-Bakst phase of the Diaghilev Ballet, Benois became disillusioned with the impresario's perpetual quest for novelty. Reading his delightful *Reminiscences* there must be many young people who feel that the task before modern ballet is to re-establish those standards of artistic truth that Benois could once again approve.

March 1957 8th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 8 No. 3

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS
Assistant Editor: CLIVE A. BARNES
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

The Spirit of Adventure

WHEN the first Queen Elizabeth sat upon the English throne she was surrounded by people—rogues and pirates though some of them were—in whom the spirit of adventure rose high. In the arts this was particularly so and the English race has since had good reason to be thankful for it. In many spheres this spirit has been noticeable during the first years of our second Queen Elizabeth—but not, alas, in ballet. The past few years have been as unadventurous as any in the history of British ballet during this century. The only exception has been the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden, which has had the guts—and, incidentally, the money—to mount all kinds of new works sandwiched between the worthy revivals of old ones which have been an adventure in themselves.

In the other companies the spirit of adventure has reached an all-time low. Their recent contributions amount to—Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet: revivals of *Coppélia* and *Giselle*; Ballet Rambert: *Coppélia*; Festival Ballet: *Coppélia* and a proposed revival of Lichine's *Graduation Ball*. Frankly, this makes a pretty sorry showing; and any protest is greeted with: "But these are the ballets the public wants to see, and anyway we have not the money for new works."

We all know that these companies are not blessed with money to squander, but surely their recent productions cost quite a lot. There is still money in this world for something really worthwhile; perhaps they have not approached the right people with the right ideas.

If the supine British public really demands nothing but works such as these, it is this state of mind that is the real enemy of adventure, and it must be fought tooth and nail. And so must theatre managers who dictate these unimaginative presentations. The public is not nearly so stuck in a rut as many managers and directors are apt to think, and if something new is presented in an appetising way the public will lap it up as gleefully as they will, say, the second act of *Swan Lake*. The trouble is that those in charge of our ballet companies seem to think that it is "not quite nice" to indulge in any kind of extra publicity, possibly because they have little confidence in what is being presented. This unimaginative policy may well boomerang in the not too distant future. The public are soon bound to tire of all the eternal "safe" revivals.

On the Continent and in America any adventure in which the art of ballet cares to indulge is gratefully applauded by a vast and discriminating public. In England we are sitting back and smugly basking in the achievements of a mere twenty-five years. So wake up, British public, artistic directors and Provincial theatre managers! Wake up before it is too late and you have sunk back to your old state of being part of a race once labelled as the most inartistic on earth!

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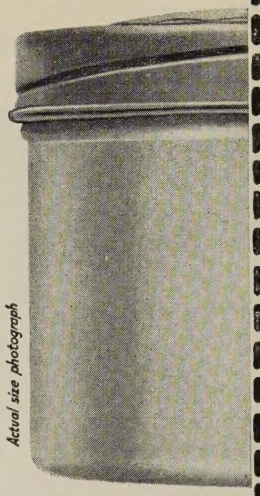

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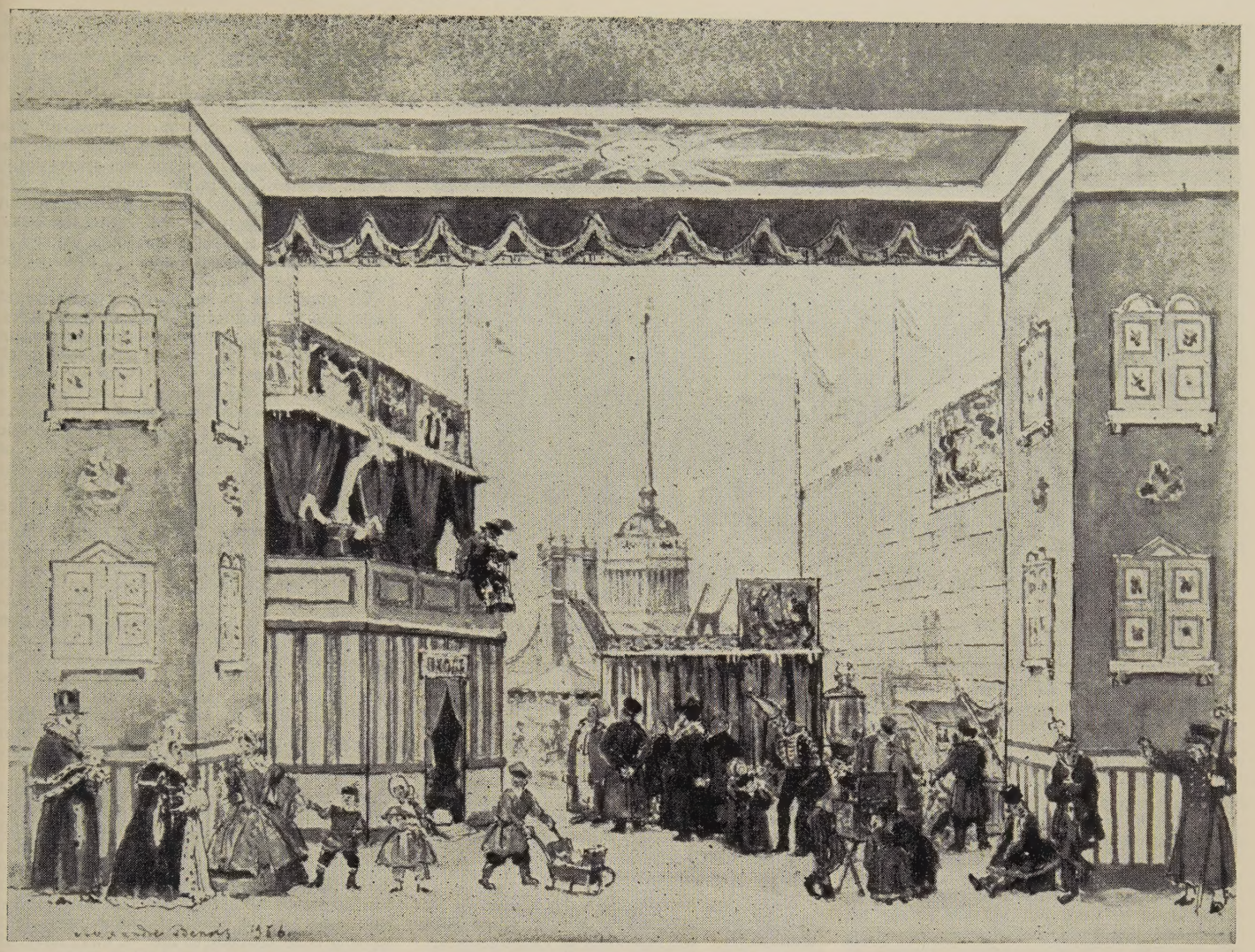


ST. PETERSBURG FAIR: Benois's most recent design, made in 1956 *for the Sadler's Wells Ballet, of the principal scene in* Petrouchka. *All the original features and characters have been restored.* *Photo: Roy Round*

The story behind *Petrouchka*

by ALEXANDRE BENOIS

When the Grigorieffs revive Fokine's *Petrouchka* for the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden on March 26, it will probably be the most faithful reproduction of this masterpiece since the early days of the Diaghilev Ballet. Here is the story of how it came to be created, told by Alexandre Benois, from his book *Reminiscences of the Russian Ballet* (Putnam). Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

ALEXANDRE BENOIS was more or less responsible for the artistic education of Diaghilev (Seriozha). He was the chief figure in the formation of the Diaghilev Ballet and designed one of its first great triumphs—*Le Pavillon d'Armide*. A rift started between them over the production of *Scheherazade*, for which Benois received no credit. On this uneasy note the story of *Petrouchka* starts:

I WAS back again in St. Petersburg when I received a letter from Diaghilev which greatly perturbed me. Its contents were approximately the following: he did not doubt that my decision was final, and yet, in view of certain *exceptional* circumstances, he addressed me again in the hope that I would forgive the insult I had suffered and once more join my friends. The exceptional circumstances were that, only a few days ago, Stravinsky had composed and played to him a sort of Russian dance and another piece which he had named *Petrouchka's Cry*, and that both these compositions were, in every sense of the term, works of *genius*. They had both had the idea of using this music for some new ballet, but no story had as yet been devised. They had only conceived the idea of representing the St. Petersburg Carnival and of including in it a performance of Petrouchka, the Russian Punch and Judy show. "Who else but you," wrote Seriozha, "could help us in this problem?" Therefore they had decided to apply to me and Seriozha expressed the assurance that I could not *possibly* refuse.

Seriozha certainly had every foundation for his assurance. Petrouchka, the Russian Guignol or Punch, no less than Harlequin, had been my friend since my earliest childhood. Whenever I heard the loud, nasal cries of the travelling Punch and Judy showman: "Here's Petrouchka! Come, good people, and see the Show!" I would get into a kind of frenzy to see the enchanting performance, which consisted, as did the *balagani* pantomimes, in the endless tricks of an idle loafer, who ends up by being captured by a hairy devil and dragged off to Hell.

As to Petrouchka in person, I immediately had the feeling that "it was a duty I owed to my old friend" to immortalise him on the real stage. I was still more tempted by the idea of depicting the Butter Week Fair on the stage, the dear *balagani* which were the great delight of my childhood, and had been the delight of my father before me. The fact that in 1911 the *balagani* had, for some ten years, ceased to exist, made the idea of building a kind of memorial to them still more tempting. They perished under the onslaught led by Prince A. P. Oldenburg against alcoholism (the common folk certainly gave themselves up to the Russian Vodka-Bacchus at the Butter Week Fair!)

Besides the duty I felt I owed to Petrouchka and my wish to "immortalise" the St. Petersburg Carnival, I had yet another reason for accepting Seriozha's offer—I suddenly *saw* how this ballet ought to be presented. It at once became plain that Guignol-Petrouchka screens were not appropriate to a stage perform-

ORIGINAL FRONT CLOTH: Designed for the original production but discarded by Diaghilev in favour of another, this drop-curtain shows St. Petersburg by night with the sleeping fairground and St. Isaac's Cathedral in the distance.

ance. A year before we had tried to arrange a similar Petrouchka performance with real people in the Arts Club, but although Dobuzhinsky had put much of his wit into the production, it turned out to be rather absurd and on the dull side. The effect of big, grown-up people acting with their heads over the edge of a curtain and little wooden legs dangling below, was more pitiful than funny. The effect on the stage of a real theatre would have been still worse; a ballet would have been entirely out of the question, for what could a ballet artist do if he were not allowed to use his "natural" legs? Once the screens were abolished from the stage, they had naturally to be replaced by a small theatre. The dolls of this theatre would have to come to life without ceasing to be dolls—retaining, so to speak, their doll's nature.

The dolls should come to life at the command of a magician, and their coming to life should be somehow accompanied by suffering. The greater the contrast between the real, live people and the automatons who had just been given life, the sharper the interest of the action would be. It would be necessary to allot a considerable part of the stage to the mass of real people—the "public" at the fair—while there would only be two dolls, the hero of the play, Petrouchka, and his lady.

Enter the Blackamoor

Soon I decided that there should be a third character—the Blackamoor. In the street performances of Petrouchka there was invariably a separate intermezzo, inserted between the acts: two Blackamoors, dressed in velvet and gold, would appear and start unmercifully hitting each other's wooden heads with sticks. I included a similar Blackamoor among my "chief characters." If Petrouchka were to be taken as the personification of the spiritual and suffering side of humanity—or shall we call it the poetical principle?—his lady Columbine would be the incarnation of the eternal feminine; then the gorgeous Blackamoor would serve as the embodiment of everything senselessly attractive, powerfully masculine and undeservedly triumphant. Having once visualised the complete drama in my mind's eye, and foreseeing what an interesting collision of contrasted elements must inevitably ensue, how could I refuse Seriozha's proposal that I should help to interpret it as a ballet on the stage? I fully believed what Diaghilev had written when he claimed that the *Russian Dance* and *Petrouchka's Cry* were works of genius, and was still further encouraged. How could I maintain my stubbornness and my attitude of "injured pride"? I gave in and informed Seriozha that I accepted his proposal and had forgiven all grievances; I was once more entirely with him and Stravinsky.

Several weeks later Seriozha arrived in St. Petersburg. My scheme was accepted with enthusiasm. We met daily in Diaghilev's flat in Zamiatin Lane where, at the traditional evening tea with *boubliki*, we discussed the "forthcoming" *Petrouchka*. At one time I let loose my imagination and the subject began to swell into something beyond bounds, but gradually *Petrouchka* took shape and fitted ultimately into four, fairly short acts, without any intervals. The first and last acts were to take place at the Carnival Fair; the two middle ones were to show the interior of the Conjuror's theatre. The puppets that had come to life in the first act, under the magic spell of the Conjuror, were to continue living a real life in their own quarters, where a romance was to begin between them. *Petrouchka's Cry*, which Seriozha now described to me in detail, was to fill the first of the two intimate acts; the second was to be devoted to the Blackamoor. The detailed action had not yet been decided.

Stravinsky arrived in December on a short visit to his mother and I was at last able to hear the two fragments which had been the "beginning of everything." Igor played them to me in my little dark-blue drawing-room; the piano was my old, fearfully hard Gentsch, the same instrument (the poor old fellow had since had his abnormally long tail chopped off) on which Albert used to tell me the story of the little boy caught by the devils. What I now heard surpassed my expectations. The *Russian Dance* proved to be really magic music in which infectious, diabolical recklessness alternated with strange digressions into tenderness—then, after a culminating paroxysm, came to an abrupt end. As for *Petrouchka's Cry*, having listened to it about three times, I began to discern in it grief, and rage, and love, as well as the helpless despair that dominated it. Stravinsky accepted my comments, and later on this programme, that was constructed *ex post facto*, was worked out by me in full detail.

Programme fitted to music

Today, when I listen to the music of this second act of *Petrouchka* and watch what the artist is expressing, more or less successfully, in his gestures and mime—*demonstrating* the absolute co-ordination of action and music—it is difficult even for me to believe that the music was not written to a set programme, instead of the programme being subsequently fitted to the music.

We continued to collaborate, actively and harmoniously, in the creation of the new ballet, in spite of the fact that we did not meet again till the spring of 1911. Stravinsky went back to Switzerland to live with his family while I remained in St. Petersburg, but we kept up a constant interchange of letters. The subject was acquiring definite shape. The dramatic situation produced by the "hopeless love" of the "poet" Petrouchka in the second act was counter-balanced in the third by the undeserved passion awakened in the Ballerina by the foolish Blackamoor. Their personalities began to take definite shape, and when I heard the music of the "Blackamoor's room, "I invented his monologue in all its absurd detail: the playing with the coconut, the coconut's resentment at being chopped open, etc. The Ballerina appears at the moment of the Blackamoor's wild, religious ecstasy before the coconut. At the climax of their love-making, when the enamoured Blackamoor is almost ready to devour his charming visitor, poor Petrouchka, mad with jealousy, rushes in, but, as the curtain falls, the Blackamoor pushes out his ridiculous rival.

The last part of the third act foretells the final *dénouement*. Similar scenes are supposed to go on inside the tiny theatre, passions grow, and at last the pathetic, luckless lover reaches a fatal end. It was essential to carry the finale outside the intimate surroundings of the previous two acts; to set it among the Carnival crowd, at the fair where, in the first act, the puppets had actually been brought to life. I was delighted with Stravinsky's idea of introducing a party of *riageni* into the street crowd. This was a regular feature of the Russian Carnival, which could not do without such a "devil's diversion." All sorts of "creatures of hell" and even the Devil himself were to appear among these masked visitors. At the climax of the drunken revelling, Petrouchka's cries were to be heard coming from the Conjuror's theatre. Petrouchka rushes out into the crowd, trying to escape from his infuriated enemy, but the Blackamoor overtakes him and puts an end to his existence with a blow from his curved sword.

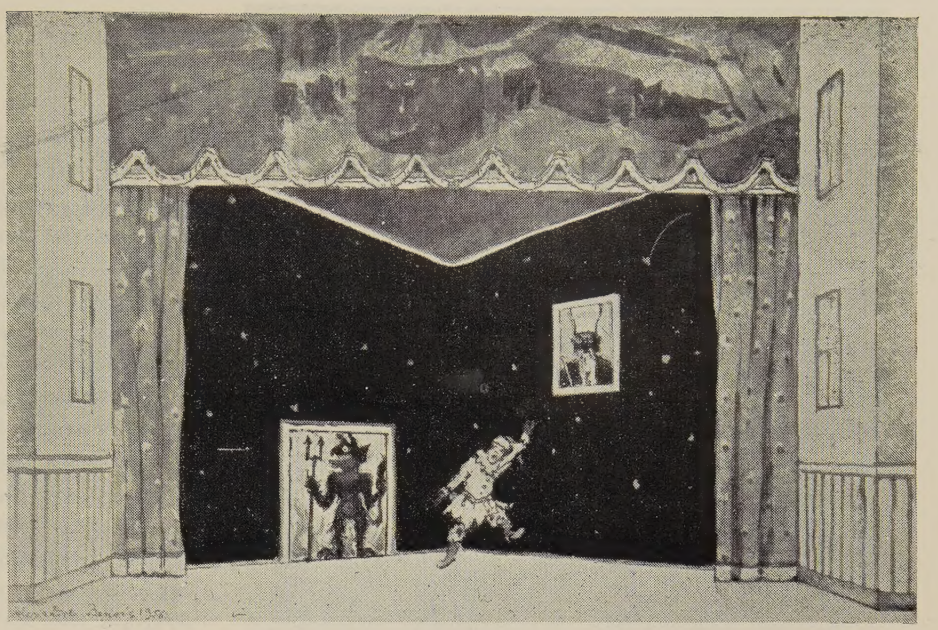
The immortal doll

This was the general plan of the finale, but we only began working it out when Stravinsky and I met again in Rome. The composer reached the height of tragedy in the final few bars expressing Petrouchka's agony, his piteous goodbye to life. To this day I cannot listen to it without the deepest emotion. The very moment of death—when Petrouchka's soul departs to a better world—is expressed in an unusual and very successful way. A broken sob is heard—produced by the throwing on the floor of a tambourine. This "unmusical" sound seems to destroy the spell, to bring the spectator back to "reality." But the drama of the Conjuror who has dared to put a heart and a soul into his toys does not end so simply. Petrouchka turns out to be immortal, and when the old magician disdainfully drags the broken doll along the snow in order to mend it (and again torment it), the "genuine" Petrouchka suddenly appears in miraculous transformation above the little theatre, and the terrified Conjuror drops the doll and turns to flight.

The finale did not come to Stravinsky at once, and he had to search and use different combinations for it. He finished composing the music only a few weeks before the performance. We were staying at the same hotel in Rome for nearly a month, and every morning I used to hear from my room a confused tangle of sounds, interrupted from time to time by long pauses. This was the maturing of the last bars of the fourth act... When everything was ready, *Petrouchka* was played to Diaghilev and me from beginning to end. Diaghilev was no less delighted with it than I; the only thing he argued about was the "note of interrogation" upon which the ballet score ended. For a long time he would not agree to it, but demanded a more traditional solution—a curious proof of how strongly influenced Diaghilev was by "academic prejudice" even in 1911!

Childhood recalled

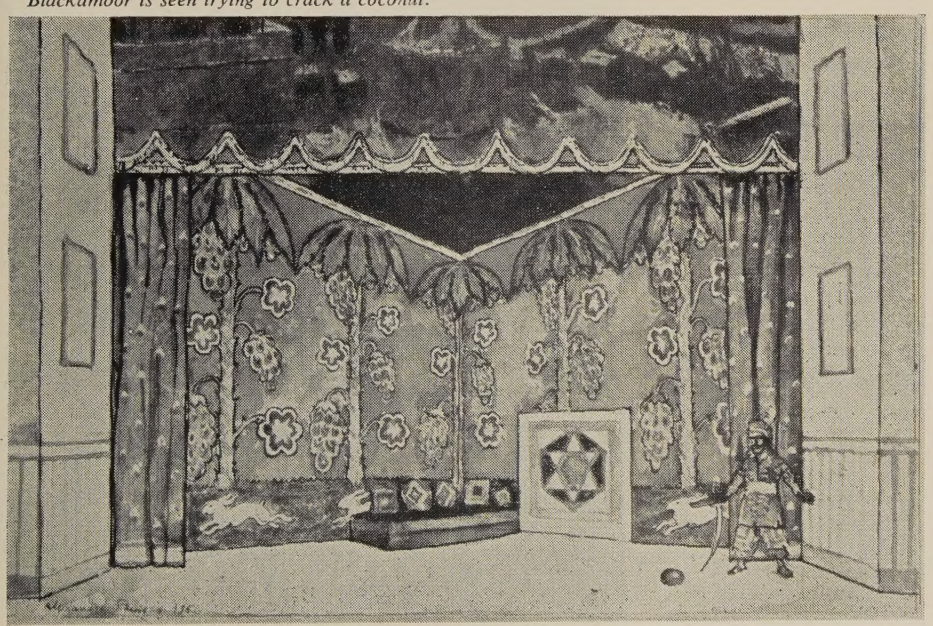
Those were indeed wonderful days for us! Seen from a distance, they seem as radiant as the happy days of my childhood and as the most poetical years of my youth. It was wonderful to be working, in an atmosphere of complete friendship and harmony, on a task of whose significance we were all fully conscious. It was wonderful to bring our work to conclusion in such unfamiliar and beautiful surroundings—in the Eternal City, in rooms overlooking the Barberini Gardens, to the unceasing murmur of its fountains. It was wonderful, too, for me that my wife had suddenly arrived. Without her I always feel the positive absence of "my better self." She had left the children with friends in Lugano, and had come to join me in Rome. Finally, *comme comble de bonheur*, the Serovs had settled quite near to where the Stravinskys and we were living. Our three families were inseparable; we roamed about the town, visiting the churches, the museums and the World Exhibition of Art, at which Serov had scored a notable triumph and where we welcomed the King and Queen of Italy when they came to the opening of the Russian section. Sometimes we were joined by Tamara Platonovna Karsavina and her brother, the well-known professor of philosophy; we were gladdened, too, by the sudden appearance of our "domestic imp" Nourok. Our excursions to Tivoli and to Albano I shall never forget. I already knew those places well, but I was in a state of spiritual ecstasy and everything seemed fresh and even more poetical.



PETROUCHKA'S CELL: Benois's recent design showing Petrouchka in his black cell with the portrait of the Charlatan very much in evidence. *Photos: Roy Round*

The evenings we spent together in the theatre watching our ballets. Diaghilev had been invited to bring his ballets to Rome by the Committee of the World Exhibition of Art, at the head of which stood Count San Martino, who was sympathetically inclined towards us. The managers of the Teatro Costanzi, where our performances took place, were distinctly hostile and gave us a reception which was far from benevolent. Intrigues started from the very first day and at moments almost developed into real obstructions. Our first performance had to be given under very trying and even *dangerous* circumstances, because of the absence of nearly all the technical staff. During the performance of *Le Pavillon d'Armide* I had to stand at the switch-board myself and give the signals for the different changes. I had to press different buttons every minute and heaven knows what would have happened had I made a mistake. At the same time Seriozha, sitting under the stage, was directing the lighting effects, which are also very complicated in this ballet.

BLACKAMOOR'S CELL: The third scene in the ballet in bright red with palm trees. The Blackamoor is seen trying to crack a coconut.



The first rehearsals of *Petrouchka* took place in the same Teatro Costanzi. We had to hurry to be in time for Paris and therefore decided to begin the production before the music was quite finished. As the management of the theatre could not find a more suitable building, the rehearsals had to take place in the restaurant of the theatre. The floor was covered with soiled crimson cloth, on which our artists had to dance and sometimes lie. The weather was terribly hot and everybody suffered from it, most of all Fokine, who was always moving, and Stravinsky, who for hours performed the duties of a pianist—for who but the composer himself could read the complicated manuscript or simplify the music to make it comprehensible to the dancers? Even Fokine used at moments to have difficulty in mastering some of the rhythms (which were indeed unusual) and memorising the themes, now so well known and in those days so "daringly original." Seriozha, immaculately dressed from early morning, appeared almost daily at these rehearsals. He looked extremely tired, for the burden he had taken on himself was weighing heavily on him and the coming season in Paris would demand a still greater expenditure of energy and strength.

Who was the author?

The rehearsals of *Petrouchka* went steadily ahead when we reached Paris. The costumes and décor (perfectly executed from my sketches by Anisfeld) arrived from St. Petersburg, everything was in order, our work progressed at full speed. . . . We had now to think of the programme and to decide the question of who was to be considered as the author of the newly born work.

My enthusiasm for Stravinsky was so great that I was ready to efface myself completely out of reverence for his genius; the initiative of the whole enterprise, indeed, belonged to him—I only helped to endow his enchanting music with tangible, scenic form. The subject of the drama, the characters and development of the action and most of the details were mine, but all this seemed a mere trifle in comparison with the music. So when Stravinsky at one of the last rehearsals asked: "Who is the author of *Petrouchka*?" I answered: "Of course it is you." But Stravinsky would not agree to this and protested energetically, saying that it was I who was the real author. Our *combat de générosité* ended with both of us being named, and here

DESIGN FOR NURSEMAIDS: Three sketches showing details of the capes worn by the nursemaids who are such an important feature of the fair crowd. In the last scene they take off these capes and push up their sleeves so that they can dance with the coachmen. Note how clearly Benois indicates the character and make-up in each of his designs.

again out of reverence I insisted on his name being placed first. My name appeared a second time in the score, for Stravinsky dedicated *Petrouchka* to me, a fact which touched me deeply.

Unfortunately, there was soon to be a grave misunderstanding. *Petrouchka* re-opened the wound that had hardly healed after the *Schéhérazade* incident. The décor of Petrouchka's room was badly crushed during the journey, and considerable damage was done to the Conjuror's portrait, which occupied the centre of one of the walls. According to my plan, this portrait was to play an important part in the drama: the Conjuror had hung it there so that it should constantly remind Petrouchka that he was in his master's power, and must therefore be humble and submissive. But it is just this portrait of his master that arouses Petrouchka's indignation when he finds himself in solitary confinement: he shakes his fists at him and pours on him maledictions and curses. It was indispensable to have the portrait repaired as quickly as possible, but I, unfortunately, had developed an abscess on my elbow and was obliged to sit at home. When Bakst kindly offered to repair the portrait, I gratefully agreed, having no doubt that he would do it perfectly.

Trouble over portrait

How great was my surprise at the dress rehearsal two days later when I saw instead of "my" portrait of the Conjuror a totally different one, showing him in profile, with his eyes looking sideways! Had I been in good health, I would of course have tried to arrange it all in a friendly way; Bakst had probably no evil intentions at all and had only exhibited too much zeal. But I had come to the theatre with a temperature and unbearable pain in my arm, the atmosphere of the rehearsal was tense—in short, I considered the alteration of my portrait an unpardonable outrage against me as an artist, and my whole plan for the ballet. Last year's insult came immediately to my memory. My fury expressed itself in a loud shout across the theatre, filled with a highly select audience: "I shall not allow it! Take it down immediately! I can't bear it!" After which I flung my portfolio full of drawings on the floor and rushed out into the street and home. . . .

My state of fury continued for two whole days. It was in vain that Serov immediately offered to give the portrait its original form and executed it with touching diligence. It was in vain that Nouvel kept coming to explain that it had been a misunderstanding and that both Seriozha and Bakst were very sorry about what had occurred. I would not listen, nor give in. Nor would the pain in my arm stop until the doctor operated on it.

I sent in my resignation to Seriozha, giving up my post of Artistic Director, and announced my refusal to go to London, where the second act of *Le Pavillon d'Armide* was to be given at the gala performance for the coronation of H.M. King George V. My fury became greater still when Serov and Nouvel dared to reproach me. I even began to threaten (without really intending to do so) that I would take Bakst to court. It was not without shame that I remembered this afterwards. I was particularly grieved at having hurt dear Serov's feelings. The kind Antosha wrote me a letter which showed that some words of mine had hurt him personally. I did not reply and, having finished some drawings of costumes specially for the London coronation performance, I left Paris, thinking that later on I would make it up with my friends. Had I known that I would never see Serov, my best friend, alive again, I would have done *anything* to earn his forgiveness. . . .

Essential features gone

I went to see two performances of *Petrouchka* before I left Paris and I must say that I derived considerable pleasure from them. Given in its original form, as something fresh and newly created, our ballet made a really wonderful impression. Since then Diaghilev's production of *Petrouchka* has become distinctly worn and shabby—which is not surprising, seeing how many years it has been in the repertoire. The ballet has lost its charm for me and I feel sad when I go to see it, for *des ans l'irréparable outrage* seems to have told on everything. Many items have disappeared entirely, as, for instance, the merry-go-round on which children used to have rides and the windmills whose multi-coloured, crossed sails waved in the air. The gingerbread and sweetmeat stalls are gone too and the outside steps leading into the huge *balagan*, where the people crowded together, waiting for admittance to the performance. The small table with its enormous steaming samovar where tea was sold is hardly noticeable nowadays. All these things were there in 1911 and they gladdened my eyes, for I had tried to reproduce the

THE CHARLATAN: Two designs for the Charlatan, the sinister genius who controls the dolls. The large design shows his professional costume with red dragons on an orange ground and a tall white hat. The smaller design is of his street clothes, which he wears after his booth has closed in the last scene.

Photos: Roy Round

picture of our St. Petersburg Butter Week Fair in full detail.

But I was still more grieved by the *disorder* which, in the later productions, reigned on the stage. For the original production every figure had been individually thought out by me. I used to watch carefully during the rehearsals to see that every walker-on fulfilled the part that had been given him. The mixture of various characteristic elements gave the illusion of life. The "people of good society" showed elegant manners, the military men looked like real soldiers and officers of the time of Nicolas I, street-hawkers seemed really to be offering their goods, the peasant men and women looked like real *mouzhiks* and *babas*. I allowed nobody to "improvise" or over-act. Later these instructions were forgotten and improvisation and dilettantism reigned on the stage. People walked about aimlessly from corner to corner, without knowing who they were and what they were to do, trying to cover their "emptiness" by affected gesticulation. I was particularly irrated by the "drunks." In the original production I had insisted that only three tipsy fellows—one of them playing an accordian—should from time to time become noticeable against the background of the more or less "decent and orderly" crowd. Nowadays *everybody* seems to be drunk and the impression is quite false, for although people did drink in Russia, still, the street had its own rules and regulations, its own conception of good behaviour and decency, and it is only thus that the digression from these rules could seem amusing and typical.

THE RICH PEOPLE: Benois's design for a rich lady and her naughty son. In recent years, productions of Petrouchka *have tended to overlook the fact that the crowd at the Butter Week Fair also included wealthy people. With this new production these essential elements of any crowd will return. It must be stated that as the ballet is given by the Royal Danish Ballet in Copenhagen, these rich people still exist, their every movement having been carefully preserved since the time that Fokine first mounted* Petrouchka *there. The "disorder" which Benois talks about in recent productions does not exist in the Danish version.*

Opportunity wasted

Another opportunity wasted nowadays is the entrance of the Bibulous Merchant. The idea of this number had come to me while I was listening to a sort of popular limerick sung by Plevitzkaya, who is now ending her life in prison, but who in those days enchanted everybody, from the monarch to his least distinguished subject, by her typically Russian beauty and the vividness of her talent.

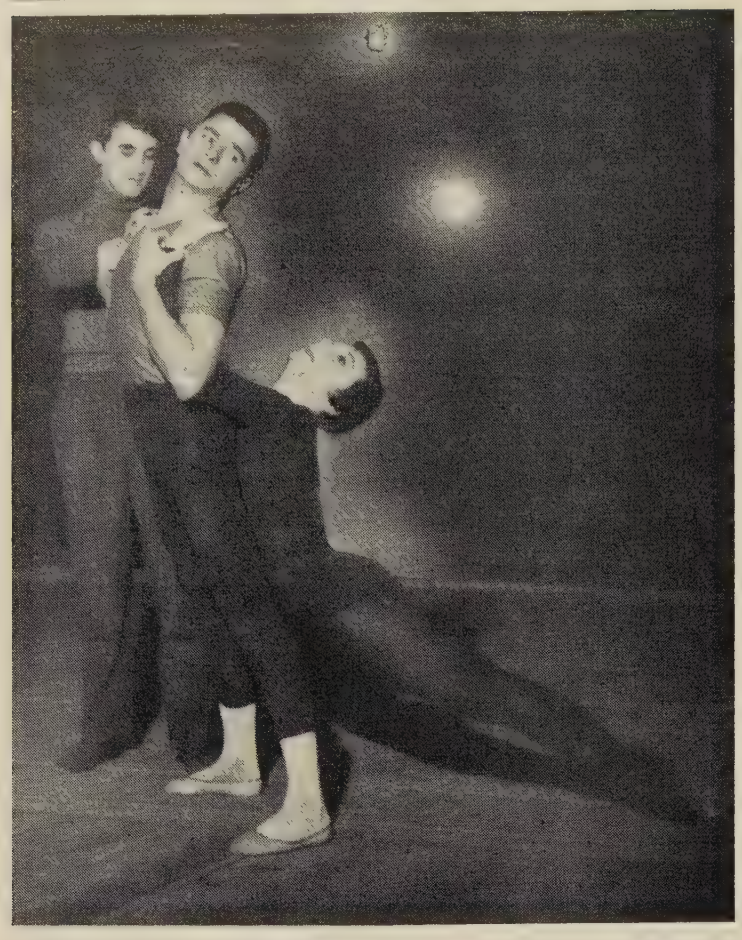
Oukhar-kupets, the Bibulous Merchant, was the name of Plevitzkaya's song, and that was the name I gave to the merchant who appears at the Butter Week Fair accompanied by two gipsies. But now, as everyone is behaving indecorously, there is nothing extraordinary in seeing one more rowdy person. Yet how interesting and full of character this Bibulous Merchant used to be, how typical he was of the old-world Russian merchant from his least attractive but none the less characteristic side! Though the young merchants did not dress in the 1830 fashion in which I attired my *oukhar*, they continued, nevertheless, to behave in the "traditional" way.

NOCTURNAL REVELLER: This calf in a scarlet coat is one of the many revellers which Benois has restored to the final scene of the ballet. As the cast will consist of at least 90 *members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, it is now possible to bring back many of these recently neglected figures. In addition to this calf, there is a fox, a pig and all kinds of other characters including devils and monsters with enormous heads.*

I was particularly enchanted with Nijinsky at the first performances of *Petrouchka*. He had not been successful in the part during the rehearsals and it seemed as if he did not completely understand what was needed. He even asked me to explain his role to him, which was very unusual for Nijinsky. But in the end he amazed us as he had in *Pavillon*, *Sylphides*, *Scheherazade* and *Giselle*. This time also the metamorphosis took place when he put on his costume and covered his face with make-up—and it was even more amazing. I was surprised at the courage Vaslav showed, after all his *jeune premier* successes, in appearing as a horrible half-doll, half-human grotesque. The great difficulty of Petrouchka's part is to express his pitiful oppression and his hopeless efforts to achieve personal dignity *without ceasing to be a puppet*. Both music and libretto are spasmodically interrupted by outbursts of illusive joy and frenzied despair. The artist is not given a single *pas* or a *fioriture* to enable him to be attractive to the public, and one must remember that Nijinsky was then quite a young man and the temptation to "be attractive to the public" must have appealed to him far more strongly than to an older artist.

In her part of the Puppet Ballerina, Karsavina proved once more that for her an artistic problem can always be an adequate substitute for a role full of technical ballet effects. I must add that, in spite of the intentional "silliness" of the Ballerina's part and without making any alteration in the character, Karsavina managed to be both charming and attractive. The amusing costume, which I had copied from a Gardner china statuette, suited her admirably.

The Blackamoor was the character who pleased me least, and that is why I have altered his appearance several times when producting *Petrouchka* on other stages, making his costume sometimes red, light blue or navy. But I think that the first version of 1911 was really the best —a green jacket and trousers made of gold brocade. The excellent artist Orlov, one of our best character dancers, created this part in a masterly way. The chief problem was to give an adequate impression of almost bestial senselessness.



The Story behind *Winter's Eve*

by PETER WILLIAMS

Photographed by ROY ROUND

Here is the story of how the British choreographer Kenneth MacMillan created *Winter's Eve*, his first ballet for an American company—Ballet Theatre, of the facts leading up to its world première in Lisbon, of the people with whom he collaborated.

EARLY STAGES: Kenneth MacMillan with John Kriza and Nora Kaye at an early rehearsal of Winter's Eve *on the bare stage of the Théâtre de Monte-Carlo. MacMillan is seen, in both pictures, showing the two stars the rather complicated movements of the second* pas de deux *when they are both blind.*

How it all began

"I WANT to take a European ballet back to America with me when we return in the New Year," said Lucia Chase, American National Ballet Theatre's director. Her company were then on the last few days of their Covent Garden season, and the first lap of a tour that was to take them across Europe to the Middle East and back.

The obvious name which sprang to mind was Kenneth MacMillan, whose work for the two Sadler's Wells companies, for Ballet Rambert and on television has won notable success over the past two years. America had not seen the creations of this distinguished young choreographer, so it seemed right that its first major ballet company should also be the first to present him in New York.

Chase was interested, although she had never seen any MacMillan ballets; MacMillan was interested because not only did he like the company, but it had always been his ambition to mount a work for Nora Kaye.

At around 6 o'clock on the evening of August 31, in Margot Fonteyn's dressing-room at the Royal Opera House, Chase met MacMillan for the first time. "We should like you to do a ballet for us. Have you any ideas?" MacMillan, it seemed, was bubbling over with ideas—one, vaguely inspired by the American writer Carson McCullers, was about a blind girl and seemed to have possibilities for the dramatic qualities of Kaye.

Chase liked the idea, but what about a composer? MacMillan was anxious to use Henri Dutilleux, who wrote the score for Petit's *Le Loup*. Chase did not know much about him, not having seen *Le Loup*, but also liked the idea. MacMillan wanted Georgiadis to design the ballet as he had worked in perfect partnership with this Greek designer in the past. Chase was definitely interested, even more so after she had seen Georgiadis's designs for previous ballets on the following day.

All seemed to be working well, almost too well; the only fly in the ointment was whether Chase could persuade the "money bags" in America to lay out the required sum. Anyway, she was leaving for the States in two days time and would see what she could do.

After Ballet Theatre's performance on the following day, Chase invited MacMillan and Georgiadis to meet Nora Kaye at supper at the Savoy. Was this a momentous meeting, was the air pregnant with future possibilities? Well, hardly. MacMillan tended to be rather retiring as far as ballet was concerned. Kaye, in her own inimitable way, talked about almost everything else, while shrewdly summing the whole thing up in that mind of hers which works overtime more unobtrusively than that of any other ballerina. The conversation was light and general and hardly touched on what must have been uppermost in the minds of everyone around that table.

The elements disperse

The next day Kaye left with the company for their tour; Chase flew off to America and everything was in the kind of state when somehow it looks as though it was all a very nice idea which would remain—a nice idea. There is always the feeling that as soon as people become scattered over the face of the globe that nothing—not even all the king's men—will ever put them together again.

However, the next few weeks saw a change. MacMillan got to thinking it all over; Georgiadis got to working on some rough sketches; Chase got the money. Cables passed backwards and forwards across the Atlantic. Dame Ninette de Valois gave her permission for MacMillan to leave Sadler's Wells Ballet temporarily to work with Ballet Theatre.

DESIGNER AT WORK (extreme right): Nicholas Georgiadis (designer of Winter's Eve) *showing a sketch to Madame Lilyne (maker of the costumes), who is taking the measurements of Beverley Simms (a member of the* corps de ballet). *The designs they are looking at are for a* corps de ballet *girl left) and for three musicians (centre).*

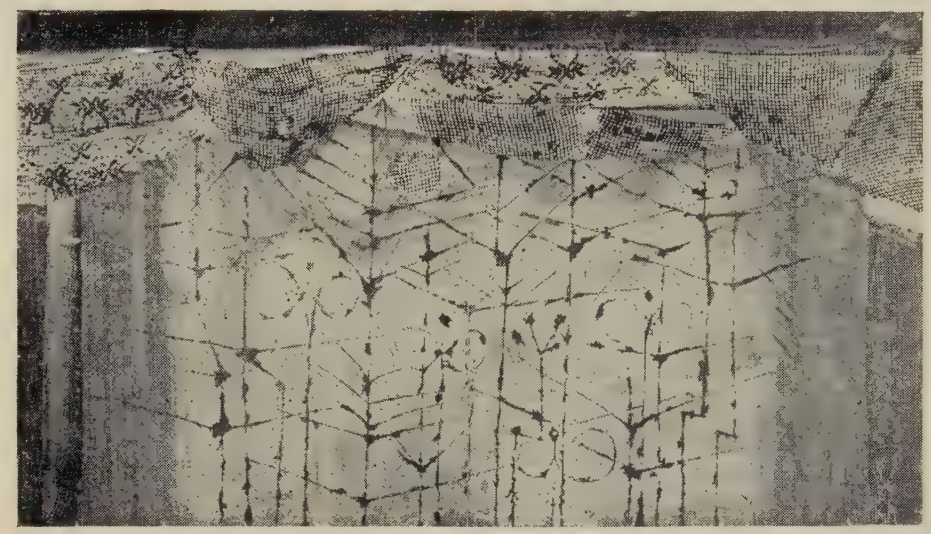
Time was short, so the idea of Dutilleux writing the music (not that he ever knew that anyone had him in mind) was off. Instead, MacMillan decided on Benjamin Britten's *Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge*, which had already been used by Ashton for Roland Petit's company—*Le Rêve de Léonore*—and by Cranko for Ballet Rambert—*Variations on a Theme*—and in America by Lew Christiensen—*Jinx*. Never daunted by his eminent predecessors, MacMillan was certain that this admirable music was just what he wanted for his idea.

Monte Carlo as pivot

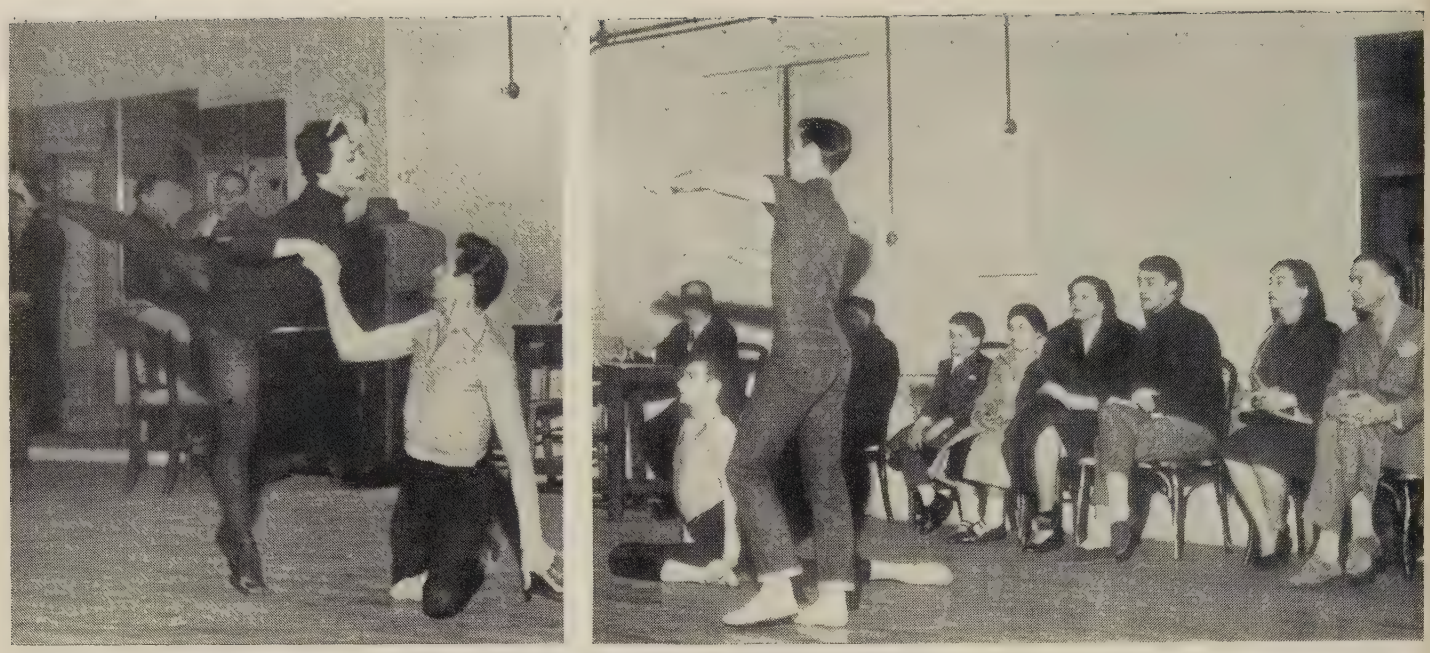
An important pivot-pin in all these arrangements was the company's Christmas season in Monte Carlo. It was hoped that with all the facilities that are available in the Mediterranean gambling resort—fine rehearsal room, wardrobe, workrooms and scene-painting shop—that it would be possible in comparative peace to put all the finishing touches to the ballet before it had its world première at the San Carlos Opera House in Lisbon. The first mishap to rattle up this plan was the situation in the Middle East. Ballet Theatre were scheduled to tour Israel, Syria and the Lebanon just at the moment when the Suez situation was at its worst. Would the fact that it became impossible for the company to carry out this tour mean that they would return straight to America and cancel their other commitments? Should this happen it would be quite impossible to put on the new ballet.

However, Chase, like Dame Ninette de Valois, is a brave woman and she was determined that Ballet Theatre should remain in Europe for the length of time that was originally intended. So Ballet Theatre's European representative, Anatole Heller, re-arranged the tour to take them through Italy and Holland and fill in the gap until the Monte Carlo season. The new ballet, therefore, was "on" again, and MacMillan and Georgiadis were to join the company during its season in Rotterdam early in December.

The intervening weeks saw much activity on the part of the ballet's creators. MacMillan had to get a mental picture of the choreography, though it was impossible to do much without the presence of the two principal dancers—Kaye and Kriza. The story started to crystallise: a blind girl meets a young man who is unaware of her affliction. He falls in love with her and the air becomes filled with birds representing her fluttering and soaring emotions. She accepts his invitation to a ball.



TWO SETTINGS: Georgiadis' mauve and black opening setting for Winter's Eve *(above); his red and black ballroom scene (below). In this latter scene, back-lighting is used at one moment and silhouettes of the dancers are seen on the backcloth.*



FIRST AUDIENCE: On Sunday December 30 *in the famous rehearsal room in Monte Carlo, an invited audience saw their first glimpse of the incomplete ballet. Kaye and Kriza rehearsing the first* pas de deux (*left*). *In the picture on the right are the audience, consisting of two children of Princess Antoinette of Monaco, Princess Antoinette, Kenneth MacMillan, Lucia Chase and Peter Williams.*

During the dancing he becomes aware of her blindness and immediately the birds return, but this time they are menacing and angry. The girl strikes out at them and in doing so she accidentally blinds the young man. They are united in their blindness for awhile, but the ballroom dancers return and separate them. The blind girl is left alone to face an empty future.

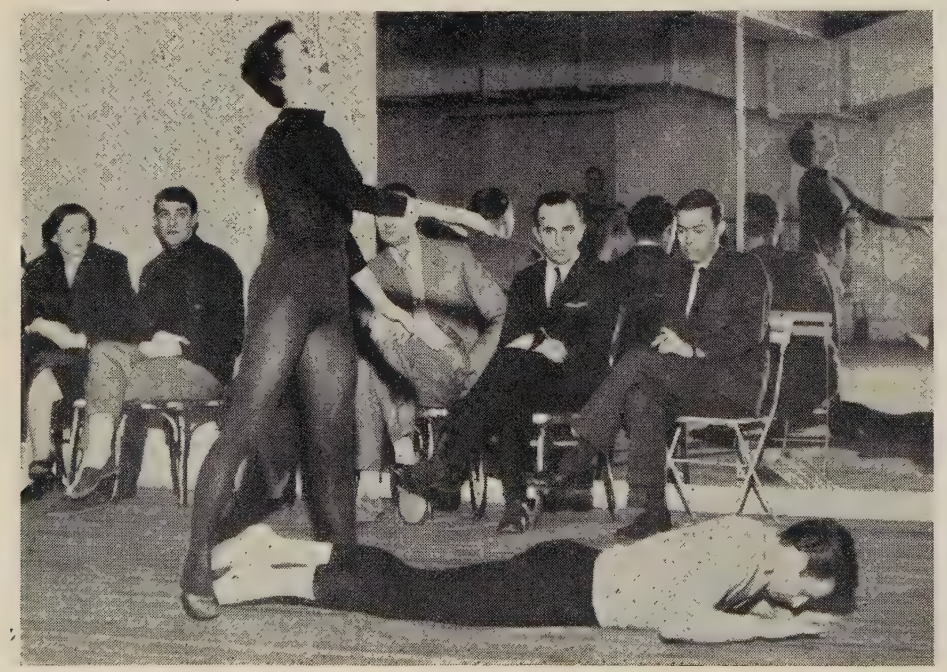
Quite a lot of pruning and re-shaping had gone on since MacMillan had originally approached his subject. Formerly it had been a work more in the nature of a divertissement with a thread of a story running through it. In the end it became a tightly-knit dramatic work using two stars and a *corps de ballet* of 16. The original title, *Winter Garden*, was turned down by Chase owing to its inevitable association with a New York theatre of that name. After many more cables across the world, *Winter's Eve* was finally decided on, though nobody felt it to be entirely satisfactory, and there is still a possibility that it will be changed.

Progress report

By the end of November, Chase came over to London to see how things were progressing. She was met at the Savoy by MacMillan and Georgiadis in a rather nervous state—MacMillan in his agitation fell off a chair. Georgiadis felt that Chase was not too happy about his designs, though she professed to like them very much. It afterwards transpired that Chase has a personal prejudice against mauve, which was the principal colour of the ballroom scene. Sensing this, though she did not mention it at the time, Georgiadis re-designed the two sets so that the first scene, a short one, should be in mauve and the main ballroom set in warm red and black. It was possibly a wise move because mauve is never a very good colour for settings—it has a habit of absorbing light like blotting-paper and ending up by just looking dirty. Otherwise, Chase was delighted with everything, although for her it was still rather a shot in the dark, as she had never seen the work of either artist in the theatre. She then left for America to spend Christmas with her family.

With the arrival of MacMillan and Georgiadis in Rotterdam, a number of obstacles started to crop up. The scenery could not be made in Monte Carlo because the studios there were too busy preparing for an opera season—it was eventually built and painted in Paris. The time that the company could give for rehearsal was pitifully small owing to the fact that the touring repertoire had to be kept in rehearsal and Equity in America did not permit dancers to work more than a certain number of hours. It was still uncertain whether the costumes could be made in Monte Carlo. So it was a not entirely happy lot of people who arrived at the Côte d'Azur to put what they had hoped would be the final touches to the new ballet.

KRIZA BLINDED: A dramatic moment in the ballet when the blind girl accidentally blinds the man she loves at a ball. Princess Antoinette of Monaco and MacMillan on the left of the picture, Randal Brooks, who eventually lit the ballet, on the right.



Obstacles ahead

In Monte Carlo it became immediately apparent that the workroom there could not make the costumes, so Madame Lilyne (wife of Nicholas Beriosoff and step-mother of Beriosova) rushed from Turin to organise a workroom after a frantic SOS. It was in her suite at the Hotel Excelsior that the costumes were completed.

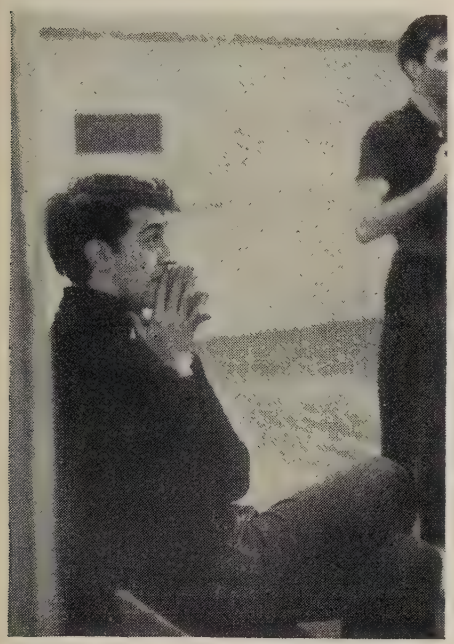
In the famous rehearsal room, where most of Diaghilev's later ballets were created, the rehearsals progressed in alternating moods of elation and despondency. Sometimes nothing went right, sometimes the *corps de ballet* failed to turn up when called, sometimes everything went right and great chunks of the ballet fell into place. One thing was certain, Kaye had again found a choreographer, as she did with Antony Tudor during his early days in America, to suit her own special dramatic talent.

By the time Lucia Chase returned from

America on December 29, the ballet was almost completed and she wanted to see it. So also did Princess Antoinette of Monaco (sister of Prince Rainier). So, following the Monte Carlo tradition started by Diaghilev when Princess Antoinette's family would attend important rehearsals, a rehearsal was called for Sunday morning, December 30. This was the first rehearsal seen by anyone other than those immediately connected with the ballet; it was to be the first time that Lucia Chase saw the ballet she had commissioned, in the dark, three months previously.

First audience

On a wet and windy un-Mediterranean morning, Princess Antoinette and her children met the cast of MacMillan's ballet in the rehearsal room. Britten's score was played on the piano by a pianist who had not previously played for rehearsals, the atmosphere was damp and the company afterwards said that it was the worst rehearsal they had yet given. Nevertheless, it was immediately apparent that here was a work of great power, even though incomplete, that succeeded in being extremely moving even



ELEMENT OF DOUBT: There is a stage in all artistic creation when doubts set in. Here is a study of MacMillan at one of the last rehearsals wondering if something should be changed or whether the ballet is any good anyway.

under such far from ideal conditions—and without décor and costumes.

Kaye most beautifully conveyed the pathetic state of the blind girl, always believable yet never over-emphasised. The ballet also gave Kriza a rôle very different from those he is usually associated with, and he rose to the occasion splendidly.

Mood through the dance

MacMillan, like Fokine, conveys his mood, emotions and narrative purely through the dance. He does not resort to any traditional mime in saying what he has to say. He also eliminates all superfluous movement so that invention is used sparingly and never used just for the sake of invention—though everything he creates is full of invention. From what it was possible to see of the rehearsal, he appeared to have created two lovely *pas de deux*. Particularly moving was the second one when both the boy and the girl are united in blindness.

FIRST MEETING: Choreography, décor and costumes finally finished, the ballet goes on in Lisbon on January 16 as scheduled. Here are Kriza and Kaye meeting for the first time in scene 1, when the man is still unaware of the girl's blindness. Photo: Luiz Mendes

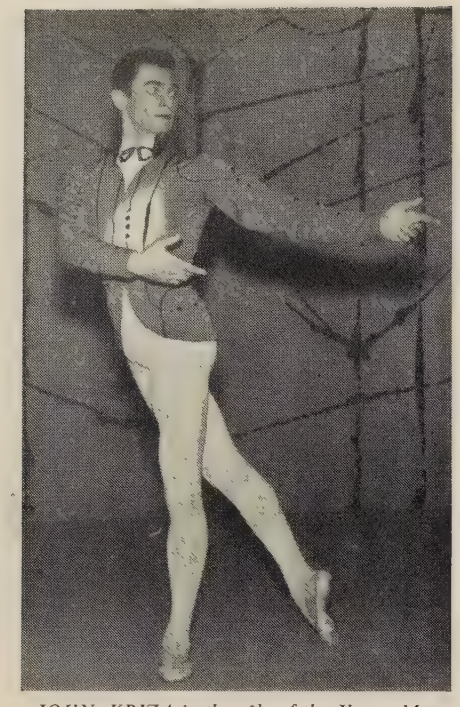
At this point the various ensembles for the *corps de ballet* had not been completed, or completely integrated into the ballet, though they also seemed to be inventive and full of exciting moments. From what it was possible to see, it appeared that *Winter's Eve* was more of an entity as a ballet then any previous work of MacMillan's. All those present will never forget the impact it created, even in the ballet's raw state.

A few days later the ballet was completed and MacMillan left Monte Carlo by train for Lisbon. His dislike of flying meant that he had to take a train through Spain, which led him into difficulties. On the Franco-Spanish frontier, at Hendaye, he was held up for a whole day because he had no visa to cross Spain, a fact which everyone had forgotten in the rush of the last days in Monte Carlo. The dress rehearsal in Lisbon was disastrous—everything went wrong—and even Chase began to wonder if she had done the right thing.

Had Lucia Chase done the right thing? For an account of the first night of *Winter's Eve* at the San Carlos Opera House in Lisbon, turn to page 16.

FINAL PARTING: Kriza and Kaye being separated by revellers at the ball. Both now blind, they never meet again and Kaye is left alone to face a lonely future. Photo: Luiz Mendez

Lisbon's verdict on *Winter's Eve*



JOHN KRIZA in the rôle of the Young Man who falls in love with a girl whom he does not realise is blind.

ON January 16, *Winter's Eve* had its world première at the San Carlos Opera House in Lisbon. A most distinguished audience, including the President of the Republic, diplomats and ex-royalties received the ballet with rapturous applause. The whole company were given five curtain calls, while Kaye and Kriza took at least a dozen calls on their own.

The press on the following day was equally enthusiastic. *Diario de Noticias* said that the previous night stood out in the history of ballet in Portugal and even went on to declare that the collaboration between the various elements was worthy of the artistic direction of Diaghilev.

In writing about the choreography, *Diario Illustrado* said that MacMillan "knows how to interpret dramatic dance in the traditional academic-classical vocabulary while using, at the same time, very musical and strongly rhythmic new expressions in gesture." The critic then went on to say that MacMillan's choreographic style had a visible fluency and mastery of composition and design which was rare.

The critic in *O Seculo* felt that the insistence on the tragic element in the story should have been avoided as it tended to nullify something of its poetry and he felt that the choreography would gain something if this was slightly modified. However, he went on to say that the choreography for the whole cast revealed powers of invention surpassing the mere preoccupation with "doing something different."

The story was also considered improbable by the critic in *Diario de Noticias* but he praised the originality of the choreography for the Blind Girl. He felt that the dance itself suggested blindness, which was something quite apart from the histrionic capabilities of the artist who interpreted the rôle. He emphasised this by saying, "From her first step on to the stage, even though the expression on her face might not show it, the audience was certain that this was a ballet about a woman deprived of her sight. By a subtle change in the choreography, when the meeting takes place between the Blind Girl and the Young Man, one understands that he is deceived about his partner's blindness." "It was," he declared, "the choreographer's remarkable victory and a triumph in a work as difficult as it was original."

The designs of Nicholas Georgiadis were praised by all. *O Seculo* thought them beautiful and worthy of a Greek in the formal harmony of the scenery. *Diario de Noticias* was impressed by the way they were completely integrated into the ballet and went on to say, "The red of the backcloth and its designs, the white hands, like small birds, which cross the scene during moments of darkness, the lighting itself (which, in passing, we note was excellently done)—all this combines to create the effect of blindness around which the tragic story takes place."

The choice of Britten's *Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge* was considered to be eminently suitable to the theme and MacMillan was praised for matching it in his choreography. *Diario Illustrado* that the music was "wonderful and very balletic."

As was to be expected, Nora Kaye conquered the audience. And it was generally agreed that this great artist has in *Winter's Eve* yet another fine rôle among the many in her brilliant career. After admitting that anything said is merely repetition in praise of her wonderful qualities of ballerina and dramatic actress, the critic of *Diario de Noticias* went on to say, "The realism of her interpretation, without a single exaggeration which could offend good taste, she put into a performance which was perfect choreographically. This is the most difficult thing to do and it is this which defines the great ballerina."

Of John Kriza, the same critic said that his performance justified his reputation. "He also was, above all, a 'dancer,' even though making full use of facial expressions and all the other methods of dramatic expression. His presence and his authority were positive elements in the brilliancy of his interpretation."

In minor rôles Roy Barra and Enrique Martinez came in for special praise and all the critics agreed that the work of the *corps de ballet* was excellent.

There seems to be not the slightest doubt about the success of *Winter's Eve* in Lisbon, one critic even going as far as to say that it received one of the greatest ovations ever heard in the San Carlos Theatre. But the ballet was primarily intended for America and next month we shall give a full report of the critical reception in New York after its American première at the Metropolitan Opera House on February 10.

NORA KAYE in her rôle of the Blind Girl around whom MacMillan's ballet revolves.
Photos: Luis Mendez

Poppœa Vanda

ON Saturday, January 26, Poppœa Vanda died. It is possible that to many people her name will not mean a great deal because she was seldom officially associated with the production of many ballets, or books on the dance. She was responsible for the scenario of Keith Lester's *David* for the Markova-Dolin Ballet, she suggested many others and she has a number of important articles to her credit. But she was, without any doubt, one of the great personalities *behind* ballet. She had a knowledge of the dance, its history, and of this century's dancers almost unsurpassed by anyone alive today. Her knowledge of English literature was equally phenomenal. During her life she could number many of the greatest ballet stars as her acquaintances. Tamara Karsavina and Anton Dolin were her closest friends.

ANTON DOLIN writes: "With the passing of Poppœa Vanda a vast and wonderful store of balletic knowledge has been removed from this earth.

"Since my very early student days at the studio of Seraphine Astafieva—since 1918 to be exact—Poppœa and I had first talked "dance." From her I first heard of the wonders of Karsavina, Nijinsky and the Diaghilev Ballet. In every sense she guided my knowledge of the ballet, music, literature and painting.

"When as a young boy of 18, I joined the Diaghilev Ballet in Monte Carlo to make my début in *Daphnis and Chloe* and to become so soon the premier danseur of that wonderful company, much that I had learnt from Poppœa was to prove of such help to me in my foreign surroundings.

"She was adamant in both her praise of what was good and in her disparagement of the second class. Her contempt for what so often passed, and was acknowledged, as good made her many enemies. But she would not be swayed and I must admit that she was invariably right. She remained true to herself and to those she admired and loved.

"The dance was to her the breath of living. Only a comparatively few people will mourn her passing; but those few, in their own ways and walks of life quite great, will be sincere yet humble in the realisation that a great storehouse of, alas, unwritten words of wisdom has left with her."

"Royal" Confusion

With the granting of a Royal charter to the Sadler's Wells Ballet, the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet and the Sadler's Wells School, a certain amount of confusion has arisen in the minds of the public and the Press as to what the two companies should be called. Here are the reasons for the granting of the charter and how it was explained to the Press.

How the Press was told

AT 10.55 a.m. on January 16 an august body of gentlemen filed into the crush bar of the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden, to meet gentlemen—and ladies—of the Press, who had been summoned urgently at a few hours notice. The news to be imparted was, we were informed, to be of the greatest importance to the future of British ballet.

This news, delivered by Lord Waverley, turned out to be not so unexpected after all. The Queen had been pleased to grant a Royal charter to the Sadler's Wells Ballet, the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet and the Sadler's Wells School, all of which should henceforth be known as the Royal Ballet.

In the past, it appears, the three separate units had operated separately with their own constitutions, and had been co-ordinated by the voluntary action of the governing body which each possessed.

The new charter meant that in future all would be incorporated with a board of governors and a council. The Patron would be The Queen; the President, Princess Margaret; the Chairman of the Council, Viscount Waverley. Among a number of distinguished names, the members of the council would include Dame Ninette de Valois, David Webster, Norman Tucker and Arnold Haskell.

Lord Waverley explained that there had been no real co-ordination in the past and that advantage would be gained from bringing the three units together. At the first council meeting it had already been decided to delegate authority to the Royal Opera House, the Sadler's Wells Trust and the Sadler's Wells School.

Article 2 in the Royal charter clearly states the purposes for which the Royal Ballet is established and incorporated:

(A) To promote and advance the art of ballet, and in association therewith the literary, musical and graphical arts, and to foster public knowledge and appreciation of the same.

(B) To maintain, conduct and co-ordinate the activities of the Sadler's Wells Ballet and the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet and the Sadler's Wells School (under the name of "The Royal Ballet" with the secondary name in respect of the school of "The Royal Ballet School") so far as such activities shall be conducive to the purposes set out in paragraph (A) of this Article.

(C) In order to effectuate the purposes (or any of them) set out in paragraph (A) of this Article: (a) to produce and present performances of ballet and other cognate performances in fitting manner and by all proper means; (b) to instruct, educate and train children with the object of equipping them to become ballet dancers.

(D) To solicit and receive subscriptions and gifts of all kinds whether absolute or conditional for the purposes of The Royal Ballet.

(E) To borrow or raise or secure the payment of money in such manner as The Royal Ballet shall think fit and in particular by mortgaging or charging all or any of the property of The Royal Ballet (both present and future) and to purchase, redeem or pay off any such securities.

(F) To do all such other things as are conducive or incidental to any of the purposes aforesaid.

In addition to the above clause quoted by Lord Waverley, he stated that another advantage derived from the new status of the two companies would be to eliminate confusion when either or both companies were touring in foreign lands. Exactly how this confusion was to be eliminated he did not make very clear.

It is, of course, very right and just that such an honour be conferred upon the Wells companies and it is extremely satisfactory that the work put in by Dame Ninette de Valois and all her colleagues has been recognised with the stamp of a royal seal.

The disadvantages were immediately seized upon by the said gentlemen—and ladies—of the Press, who wasted no time in demanding of Lord Waverley by what names the old companies should henceforth be known. Here it seemed came an obstacle which had not been carefully considered at the council meeting, because Lord Waverley from this point onwards repeatedly told the Press that there were refreshments at the other end of the bar. We were informed that for an interim period, and until each company had decided on its title, they should both be known as the Royal Ballet but with the prefixes "formerly the Sadler's Wells Ballet from Covent Garden") and "formerly the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet from the Sadler's Wells Theatre."

The gentlemen—and ladies—of the Press remained far from being lulled into any sense of understanding by this statement. For as far as clearing up confusion between the two companies is concerned, this leaves confusion worse confounded and we are now deeper in a pea-soup fog than at any time in the existence of either company.

After various attempts to explain the future titles, during which the forbidden words "senior" and "junior" in connection with both companies were used, it was apparent that nothing concrete would be forthcoming. The meeting then broke up and the Press availed themselves of the refreshments that Lord Waverley had been so anxious to offer them.

Everything considered, the benefits to be derived from this Royal charter are so considerable that the mere question of what the companies shall be called might seem to be a small one. On the other hand the Press have to write about these companies and the public must be clear about what is meant, so the names are of extreme importance. It was a pity, therefore, that we all had to leave what was an occasion of some moment in a rather bewildered state. Nor did anything written in the national press on the following day suggest that the writers had received much enlightenment.

Why British ballet will benefit from the Royal charter

HAD Dame Ninette de Valois been at the meeting on January 16 there is not the slightest doubt that there would never have been any confusion. Unfortunately she was in bed in Barts Hospital suffering from spinal trouble, and the meeting took place without her knowledge. She is really the king-pin in the whole set-up and it was she who had the idea several years ago. For at least three years the intricate negotiations had been going on.

The main purpose of applying for a Royal charter was to secure the future of the Sadler's Wells Ballets. The two companies have gone on taking the name of the theatre in which they happen to be situated and should anything happen and the companies become detached from these theatres—a calamity which is frequently threatened—then the companies would be without a name or home. When the company left the Old Vic it was obviously absurd to go on calling the company the Vic-Wells Ballet, hence the name under which it has been known for so many years. Therefore to find a name which would cover the whole organisation and not associate it with any particular theatre was obviously desirable. Of the various names submitted to Dame Ninette the most suitable seemed to be the Royal Ballet. There could, therefore, be a prefix added—"from Covent Garden" or "from Sadler's Wells Threatre," or from whichever theatre the companies happened to be operating.

It is not generally realised by the public that neither of the Wells companies is inescapably tied up with the theatre which at the moment is its London home. Before this Royal charter was granted, if either of the two theatres closed down, the whole future of the ballet companies would be thrown into complete confusion. Today if such a disaster occurred the companies would merely remain the Royal Ballet and, if necessary, could simply add the name of the theatre from which they were operating. It may be difficult for a few months for people to get used to the new title, but in a very short time it will become just as natural as it was to call the company the Sadler's Wells Ballet instead of the Vic-Wells Ballet.

The reason for lumping the whole organisation under the single title of the Royal Ballet was because both companies are now interchangeable and will become more so in the future. In the past, dancers and ballets from both repertoires have been switched from one company to another generally to the benefit of both. Both companies really amount to a big company split in half.

With regard to Lord Waverley's statement that the charter would help to eliminate confusion when either company toured abroad, he did not actually state that things had not quite turned out as was originally intended. Dame Ninette's original intention was that whenever either company toured abroad the word "British" should be inserted, so that it would signify the Royal British Ballet from whichever theatre it happened to come.

Unfortunately it is impossible to change a single word once a charter has been granted and sealed. So the titles of the two companies will have to remain the same, as they are known in this country, After all, "The Royal Ballet from Covent Garden" is no more cumbersome than "Le Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas," or many similar titles about which nobody has complained. Nor really is there likely to be any confusion between this and, say, the Royal Danish Ballet, the Royal Swedish Ballet, or the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, which are the only other companies to have been granted Royal charters.

Up to this point, as was very right and proper, Dame Ninette has personally directed the three elements incorporated in the Royal charter. It is obvious that none of us last for ever and that one day she may not be in a position to carry on her great work. Therefore the setting up of a council will greatly ease matters when such an eventuality occurs.

If the granting of this Royal charter is looked on in this light, it will be seen that it is a very great step forward in securing the future of British Ballet. The only pity is that it was presented to members of the Press in a rather confused way.

Pierrot of our time

In a recent performance by the mime company of Marcel Marceau at the Théâtre de Monte-Carlo, it was proved that the kind of mime which once swept across Europe with the Commedia dell'arte is still very much alive. In Marceau, Pierrot has been reborn.

Specially photographed by ROY ROUND

FOR several centuries, Harlequin dominated Europe. This raffish servant, Bergamo's most illustrious son and the most beloved stock character of the Italian Commedia dell' Arte, was *persona grata* in the Courts and back streets of any European town in which he deigned to appear. By the end of the 18th century his power started to fail in France, and in England his bawdy full-blooded character fined down to the mischievous but romantically amorous hero of Regency and Victorian pantomime.

By the time that 19th-century Romanticism held sway in Paris, another loutish Commedia dell'Arte character, remarkably transformed to accord with the mood of the time, caught the imagination and affection of every class and Pierrot became as Parisian as the very air blowing along its boulevards.

In the little Funambules Theatre, Jean Gaspard Debureau, the abandoned son of a family of Bohemian acrobats, brought the dumb-show to a pitch of comic and wistful perfection which it has not again reached until this day.

There have, of course, been attempts to revive Pierrot. There was André Wormser's mime play *L'Enfant Prodigue*, and Fokine used him in *Carnaval*. So have other choreographers, but they have been but spasmodic resurrections. A few years ago Marcel Marceau came to the Arts Theatre in London and it seemed as though in him the spirit of Debureau's Pierrot was reborn. His mime was possibly too refined ever to appeal to the class of person who once flocked into Debureau's Funambules and a whole evening of his solo performance was too much to take by any other than a specialised audience. But his character, Bip, was obviously a true descendant of his Italian ancestors and a most worthy addition to their family tree.

Since then Marceau has surrounded himself with a company of eight and the performance he showed at the Théâtre de Monte-Carlo on December 27 had far greater theatrical potentiality. In the interim, it should be stated that he has enjoyed enormous success in Paris and New York.

Marceau was born in Strasbourg in 1923. With his family he moved to Lille and later to Limoges, where he studied the art of enamelling. After the liberation he came to Paris and became instructor of dramatic art at La Maison de Sèvres; at the same time he studied with Charles Dullin and Etienne Decroix. Later he joined the company of Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Louis Barrault when he played the rôle of Harlequin in the pantomime *Baptiste*. By 1947 he had formed a company devoted to the resurrection of the art of mime and pantomime.

In creating the character of Bip he imagined a Pierrot with a contemporary outlook involved in the situations and with the sort of people we know today. For instance, in a public park, Bip appears as a statue which gradually comes to life and takes on the various characteristics of typical inhabitants of a French park, eventually returning to his statuesque state. In another scene, Bip miraculously turns from Goliath into David—first he is the huge tough braggart, then passing behind a screen he emerges as a tiny pathetic creature. The changes from one character to another are so quick that it seems impossible to imagine that it is the same man.

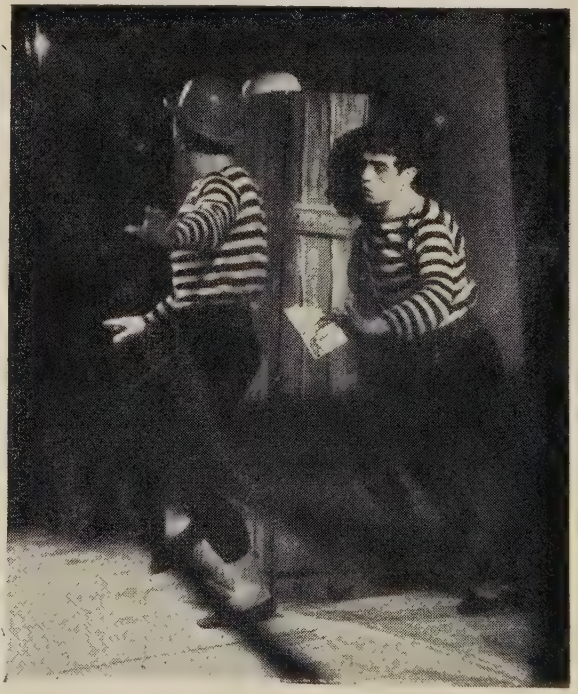
Bip's most touching scene is when he catches butterflies and accidentally kills one. He is so horrified at what he has done that he immediately releases all the rest. In the same way that the late lamented diseuse Ruth Draper was able single-handed to people her stage with innumerable characters whom, in the end, the audience were convinced that they had actually seen, so Marceau can make his audience believe that they have met many different characters and experienced a number of emotions. Where Draper was a realist and a mirror held up to nature and to generally accepted human behaviour, Marceau is a poet who, through mime and theatrical movement, touches human weaknesses with a fine layer of fantasy.

In his solos he uses no music and his slow, beautifully controlled bodily movements take on the aspect of slow-motion silent films. He never resorts to traditional mime to get his meaning across, but uses the normal actions of the body in a stylised form. His range of facial expressions is limited, probably purposely, because his body conveys all that is necessary. He seems to have whittled down the use of his eyes and mouth to a few basic expressions—fear, pleasure, sorrow, anger, astonishment and so on. His performance is really "danced" and from him dancers and choreographers have much to learn. The only fault that I can find with his work in the theatre is that, from the point of view of an ordinary theatre audience, everything goes on too long.

Fantasy also pervades the longer works which Marceau has created for himself and the rest of his company. *Le Loup de Tsu-Ku-Mi*, a fable in which two characters—a Hunter and a Peasant—tell of their meeting with a Wolf, the truth of which is decided by a Sage, is complicated in mime. It was an attempt to do something which has not entirely come off, yet in its beauty of gesture it succeeds in creating a remarkable atmosphere. It has the mist of a Chinese print and an aura of Oriental eternity. Jacques Noel has designed a simple but extremely apt setting which achieves its effect mainly from intelligent lighting and the use of branch forms silhouetted on the backcloth. Particularly effective was the way in which the two figures go jogging off together at the end. Going straight towards the backcloth they get smaller and smaller, so that the impression left is of them walking together to infinity.

PAWN SHOP DRAMA: Pierre Verry as the Baron (left) with Marcel Marceau as a Violinist (one from left) and Huguette Mallet as a Young Widow (right) in Marceau's Le Mont-de-Piété

COMEDY OF HATS: Gilles Leger and Gilles Ségal in Histoire de Chapeaux, *a work by the latter who is a pupil of Marceau*



BIP IN FOUR POSITIONS: Marceau as his famous character Bip. In the picture on the left he portrays the tiny David (seen from the wings), on the right he is the braggart, Goliath

Le 14 *Juillet*, concerning the strange happenings to a number of stock Bal Musette characters on Bastille Day in Montmartre, is more conventional, though it has a certain amount of invention including a "dream sequence" in silhouette which resembled the old Ciné Bijou. But such scenes are really designed more for popular taste, and I personally am beginning to tire of ballets and shows which drag in the high jinks connected with France's national holiday.

Outstanding in the whole programme was *Le Mont-de-Piété*. A number of people, as varied as a violinist, a short-sighted man, an impoverished Baron, a young war widow and a boxer, come to a pawn shop to dispose of their most cherished possessions. Each in turn reveals the reason for his particular affection for these possessions. The officials in charge of the bureau are mean and do not give the people anything like what they are worth. Suddenly their deep sorrow is turned to joy as a magician causes all the objects to be returned and a shower of money descends on everyone.

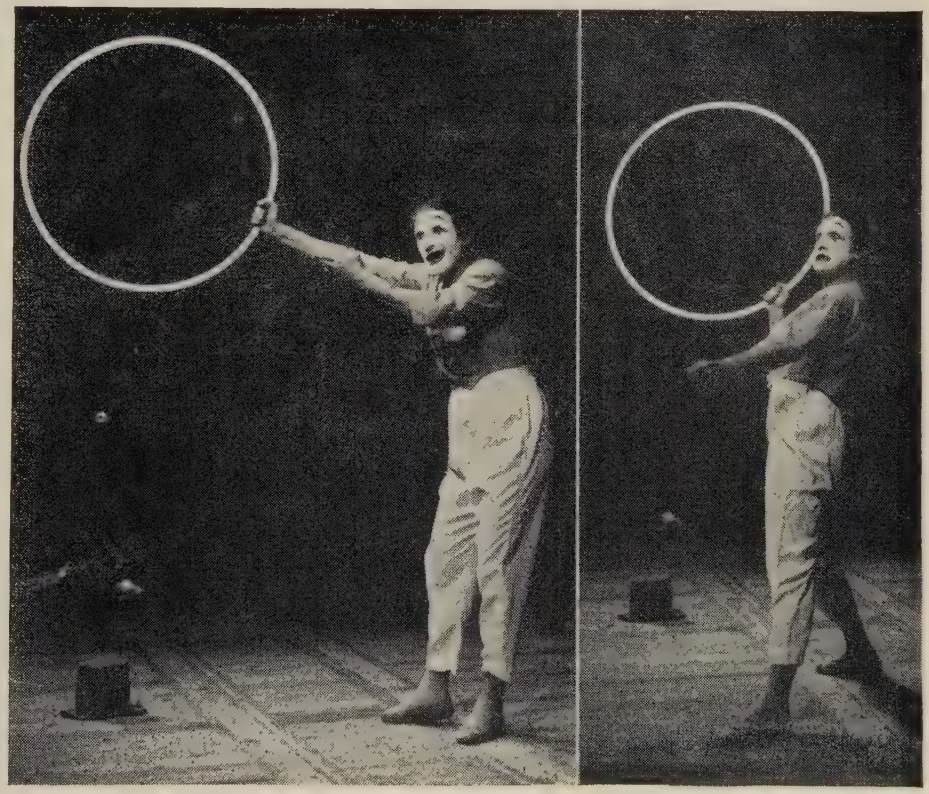
The idea and the simple but extremely effective setting and lighting of Jacques Noel takes on the atmosphere of a Daumier painting, in fact the whole work exudes the sombre spirit of that painter's scenes of the seamier side of Paris life in the middle of the last century.

Each one of the incidents was touching, particularly so that of the widow who lost her young husband in the war and now has to pawn her wedding ring. This was beautifully mimed by Huguette Mallet, but then every character was exquisitely conceived down to the finest detail. The music of Jean Prodromides gave just the right atmosphere to this and to most of the other items in the programme which required music.

An interesting addition to the repertoire were some numbers created by Marceau's pupil and assistant—Gilles Ségal. Two solos—*Le Pianiste* and *Les Coqs*—were entertaining if not particularly original; but his *Histoire de Chapeaux* had amusing invention in the type of Left-Bank revue and *Cranks* genre. The two Gilles—Ségal and Leger—enact a drama between bad boys, an unknown gentleman and a gendarme, and all that the audience sees are the different hats behind a large crate. These lighter numbers do a great deal to give the programme a balance and a few more of them interwoven into the more serious body of this mime entertainment would inevitably give more popular appeal.

In a few years, when Marceau has further developed his company and his choreographers, it may well be that his approach to the mimetic art will have a profound influence on ballet and prove that the great traditions of the Italian comedy are still as potent as ever. **P.W.**

COWARDLY LION-TAMER: Bip trains a lion to jump through a hoop but then becomes frightened by the wild beast



American Activities in Monaco

More about American National Ballet Theatre's season in Monte Carlo, part of which was reviewed in the February issue of DANCE AND DANCERS. Specially photographed by Roy Round.

BALLET Theatre's Monte Carlo season had sadly lacked the dancing of Erik Bruhn, who was unable to appear owing to knee trouble which had kept him off the stage for several weeks. However, by the time Fokine's *Les Sylphides* returned to the repertoire on December 29, Bruhn returned with it and it was a great pleasure to see him, even if his was a rather beginning-of-term performance, though he can never give a performance that is anything other than the essence of Romanticism.

This is a passable production of Fokine's classic and was mainly well danced, especially by Rosella Hightower and Ruth Ann Koesun, who dances the *Prelude* better than anybody since Markova or Riabouchinska. Hightower's performance seems to depend greatly on who is partnering her and obviously there is a certain accord between Bruhn and her which makes anything they do on the stage memorable. This was particularly noticeable in the *Pas de Deux*, which they gave with distinction.

A little more true Romantic feeling from the *corps* would have helped, though they went through Fokine's beautifully flowing groups and patterns with efficiency. It is not often realised just how difficult these seemingly simple movements are—they have to be perfectly regimented while at the same time lacking any obvious sense of regimentation. It is also necessary for every member of the *corps de ballet* to know just what she is supposed to be, for although the ballet might seem to be an abstract divertissement in dresses based on Taglioni's La Sylphide, unless everyone who dances understands that they must also evoke the mood of 19th-century Romanticism, then there is little point in doing the work at all. These dancers are the moonlit figments of a poet's imagination, the subject of his creative mind and the fantasies which inspire him. Since the days of Diaghilev, de Basil and René Blum, the performances of this great work have not been notable for any understanding on the part of the performers. The early Sadler's Wells performances were mechanical except when Markova and, later, Fonteyn danced in them. In fact it was Ballet Rambert who brought back the lost aura to this subtle ballet. After that, Festival Ballet, in its young days, gave most creditable performances. Recently Lubov Tchernicheva and Serge Grigorieff faithfully revived the work for the Sadler's Wells company at Covent Garden, when it was possible to see again just what Fokine was getting at. On the whole, I do not find that Americans really understand Romantic classicism, it is rather alien to their way of thought.

Where they are really at home is with a ballet such as *Billy the Kid*, which followed *Les Sylphides* in this particular programme. *Billy* holds as important a place in the history of American ballet as do *Job* and *The Rake's Progress* in British ballet. In their various ways they all represent the spirit of their respective countries. It would be a mistake to say that *Billy the Kid* was the first ballet Western because a year before Catherine Littlefield created a ballet called *Barn Dance* which was given with gusto by Philadelphia Ballet. But Loring's *Billy* was certainly the first really integrated ballet which used a mixture of folk dance and a form of Modern Dance. It is amazing the number of works—particularly those by Agnes de Mille, Jerome Robbins and Michael Kidd—which stem from this ballet first given by Ballet Caravan in 1938. Possibly in America they are as sick and tired of ballets of this kind as we are of revue scenes about Piccadilly Circus, but to us simple Europeans ballets about outlaws and villainy in the wide open spaces still have a great appeal, especially when they are conceived in such theatrical dance terms as in this case.

I never saw the ballet's creator, Eugene Loring, in the title rôle, but I doubt if he can have bettered John Kriza's present fine interpretation. The simple-minded boy who sees his mother killed and then turns into an outlaw to avenge her death, is brilliantly and robustly given by him. He never fails to make the work an exciting experience and, although we may have seen the ballet many times, somehow one always forgets that his death is inevitable and continues to hope that he will escape. The only fault I can find is the rather infantile

SAILOR ASHORE: Scott Douglas as one of the three silors in Robbins' Fancy Free. *This ballet was much liked by the Monte Carlo audience.*

GUEST GENERAL: The Head Mistress (Fernand Nault) with the General (John Taras) in Graduation Ball. *Taras, resident choreographer and dance director in Monte Carlo, gave some guest performances in this rôle.*

STAR DRESSING-ROOM: Erik Bruhn, Danish star of Ballet Theatre, looking over the Mediterranean from the dressing-room formerly used by Nijinsky when he was in Monte Carlo with the Diaghilev Ballet.

ARMED ESCORT: John Kriza and Lupe Serrano, in their costumes for Le Combat, *in the armoury of the Théâtre de Monte-Carlo. It is here that the armour for the operas is stored.*

romper suit he wears in the beginning—a broad sailor hat on a fully developed man looks silly, however great an artist he may be. Possibly the solution here would be to have the early scene doubled by a young boy.

Ruth Ann Koesun makes a convincing job of the double role of Billy's Mother and his Mexican sweetheart. The rest of the cast of Pioneers, Dance Hall Girls, Cowboys and Gun-girls are as good—or bad—as you could wish.

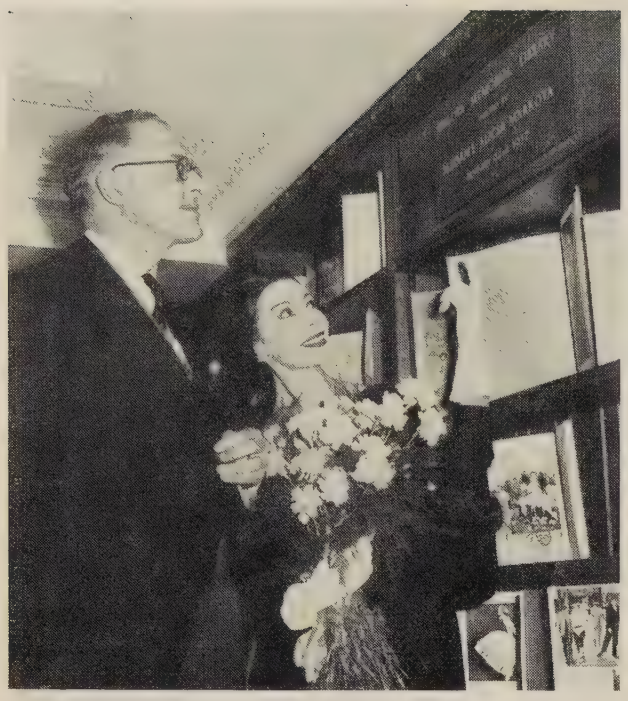
The construction of the ballet is very good, the main body of the work being framed by the march of pioneers forging their way across the great open prairie. This work is a classic of its kind and should never be dropped as long as American companies continue to cross the Atlantic.

This is more than I can say of our own Antony Tudor's *Offenbach in the Underworld*, which finished the programme. It is, I am afraid, the silliest ballet to come from a great choreographer. As an operetta singer, Nora Kaye does all that she possibly can, but it is discouraging to see a star of her calibre in such an inane role. Kriza as His Imperial Excellency looks very handsome with iron grey hair, while Lupe Serrano and Rugh Ann Koesun struggle womanfully to breath some kind of life into their respective rôles, but to no avail. Nor is the ballet helped by a shocking orchestration of Offenbach's effervescent music. Monte Carlo obviously felt the same way as I do about the work because insufficient encouragement was given for it to be repeated.

It is good to know that Ballet Theatre is embarking on a new policy which will result in the creation of a fresh repertoire consisting of new works by world-famous choreographers, as well as giving a chance to some new ones. The seeds of this new harvest were sown in Monte Carlo, where MacMillan created most of his new ballet—*Winter's Eve*. The spirit of Diaghilev, it seems, still lingers around the Casino.

P.W.

CLIP-CLOP: Nora Kaye and Ruth Ann Koesun in one of the famous fiacres *which are such a feature of Monte Carlo. In the background in the entrance to the Casino.*



NEW MEMORIAL TO PAVLOVA: Alicia Markova with the Mayor of Westminster looking at the plaque she unveiled in the Westminster Central Reference Library. The plaque marks the new Pavlova Memorial Library which is yet another tribute to Pavlova organised by the Pavlova Commemoration Committee.

RUSSIAN DESIGNER IN LONDON: Marie Rambert and Arnold Haskell with Mstislav Doboujinsky at the opening of the latter's exhibition of stage designs held at the Pushkin Club in London. Doboujinsky designed for the Diaghilev ballet, Pavlova's company, the Lithuanian Ballet, the Vic Wells Ballet (Casse Noisette) *and for several companies in America including Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.*
Photos: Paul Wilson

curtain up!

Grey quits the Wells

ON January 28 it was announced to a surprised world that Beryl Grey had decided to resign from the Sadler's Wells Ballet. At the time she herself was in Brussels appearing on a television programme with, among others, Alicia Markova and Ballet Rambert.

The official reason given for Grey's resignation was that she had decided to make a number of tours which would not fit in with the Wells programmes. Unofficial reasons have been given—that Beryl Grey saw the repertoire for the company's forthcoming trans-American tour in the autumn and that all the other ballerinas had new ballets created for them, but there was nothing new for her—not even *The Lady and the Fool*. Another rumour which is going the rounds is that she may be going to Russia to appear as a guest artist with the Bolshoi. Anyway it seems that shortly Grey will make a tour of South American possibly partnered by Oleg Briansky. Her last appearance at Covent Garden will be on April 18.

Whatever the reasons for Beryl Grey's departure, there is no doubt that she will be greatly missed. She has been a stalwart pillar of the Sadler's Wells company since she danced her first solo role, of Sabrina in Helpmann's *Comus*, in 1942. She has brought great distinction to everything she has done and it is a great pity that she had not had more new roles to create. However, we are certain that she will add to the prestige of British ballet in any part of the world where she cares to dance.

The only pity of it all is that ballerinas need a company to "frame" them. Without that they are obliged to resort to *soli* and *pas de deux* and the run-of-the-mill classics which any company happens to have in its repertoire.

Ulanova replies to fans

WHEN Galina Ulanova left, with the Bolshoi Ballet, for Moscow after the triumphant season at Covent Garden, she took with her a huge sack. In this sack was all the fan mail she had received during the season. Considering all the hard work the season had entailed, it was natural that she should not have had time to answer them.

Shortly after her return home she had an unfortunate accident on the stage of the Bolshoi —she slipped and injured her foot. The enforced rest gave her time to go through these letters, and those who sent them are now being rewarded by a personal letter from her. Every day, we hear, people are receiving letters through the post written by Ulanova personally.

Pavlova's inspiration continues

THE Pavlova Commemoration Committee has earned the respect of the whole dance world for the way in which it has organised the various events to commemorate the twenty-fifth year since the passing of the great ballerina. Probably the most lasting of all the projects is the Pavlova Memorial Library, housed at the Westminster Central Reference Library, St. Martin's Street, which was opened by Alicia Markova on January 22.

Unveiling a plaque in the gallery devoted to the fine arts, Markova reminded those present of how Pavlova had been an inspiration to a vast number of people all over the world and that it was fitting that she should be commemorated by a fine library that would inspire this and future generations. Markova's charming speech was beautifully delivered and I cannot have been the only person in that distinguished gathering who felt that when she decides to give up dancing she could continue to serve her country, as she has in the past through her art, by taking up some major diplomatic post—or even becoming a member of parliament!

Of the collection of books on the dance, some were purchased from the funds raised by the midnight matinée last year, others have come from dance centres all over the world, while the Central Library itself has donated a great number of valuable volumes. The Commemoration Committee will continue to add to the collection, and it is to be hoped members of the public, and readers of DANCE AND DANCERS in particular, will also do likewise.

A worthy memorial

IN addition to the Pavlova Memorial Library, the Commemoration Committee has been responsible for a Pavlova symposium compiled by Arthur Franks (proceeds of which have gone into the Committee's funds), a special HMV long-playing record entitled *Homage to Pavlova*, a 90-minute dramatised version of Pavlova's life on BBC Television, a £500 donation for a cot to be named in perpetuity after Anna Pavlova at the Great Ormond Street Convalescent Home for Children, another donation of £500 to be administered by the Sadler's Wells Benevolent Fund for the benefit of dancers who are not eligible to receive anything from the Sadler's Wells Ballet, a commemorative exhibition at the London Museum, which proved enormously popular for three months and is at present touring the provinces.

The principal movers in all these activities have been ex-members of Pavlova's company, who are now affectionately known as "the girls."

U.S. unlucky to Dame Ninette?

THERE seems to be something about America which is unlucky for Dame Ninette de Valois. Several times over the past years she has been taken ill when she has been there with the Sadler's Wells Ballet. During her recent lecture tour she slipped a disc while she was in Chicago. Usually one associates this mishap

with the result of some effort. "Not at all," declared Dame Ninette, when I asked her how it happened, "I was just talking to a woman when I felt it go."

She managed to keep going until after the first night of Cranko's *The Prince of the Pagodas*, and then, as Americans would say, she had to be hospitalized. Sitting in a bower of flowers and fruit in a glass-sided ward in St. Bartholemew's Hospital which looked for all the world like a glamorous goldfish bowl, Dame Ninette looked extremely cheerful, pretty and relaxed. But don't think for a moment that this meant that she was enjoying anything like a holiday. All the time she was planning programmes and consulting people on the affairs of the organisation she directs.

One form of relaxation which she has enjoyed has been to complete her autobiography, the main body of which she wrote in trains, planes and other forms of transport during her trans-American tour. The final tidying-up was done while she was in hospital. "It is not so much for ballet people," she declared, "as for those people who just like to read autobiographies."

Haven for Hungarians

FESTIVAL Ballet is becoming a haven for refugee Hungarian dancers. A few years ago, two dancers from Hungary escaped through, or rather under, the Iron Curtain. These two first appeared in the West with Festival Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall. Today they—Kovach and Rabovsky—are famous throughout the free world. Now another dancer, Margit Muller, a refugee from the recent troubles in Hungary, has joined Festival Ballet as a ballerina.

By hiding in hedges and crawling across ploughed fields, she escaped from her native country. When auditioned by Anton Dolin he declared, "She is marvellous . . . very Bolshoi!"

Munich looks ahead

IT is a pity that every festival does not make its plans as far ahead as Munich. Joan Harris (wife of Alan Carter, ballet master and choreographer of the Bavarian State Theatre) tells me that the first Munich Ballet Festival will take place from July 30 to August 4. The festival will open with Carter's new ballet to Stravinsky music, *Ballett-Abend*, and there will also be performances of *Giselle* and *Casse Noisette*, as well as Carter's *The Miraculous Mandarin* and *Haus der Schatten* (yet another ballet to Britten's popular *Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge*).

This company which has so far had little chance of being seen outside Munich owing to the fact that it is attached to the opera, will start to branch out on its own this year. They will give guest performances in Nuremberg and Zwtzingen, but owing to home commitments have been unable to accept offers from Monte Carlo and Aix-les-Bains. However, it is hoped that in future this company will become more widely known and will be able to undertake more extensive tours.

Cranko non-stop

THERE seems to be no stopping John Cranko. As you probably know, he went to New York last autumn to stage his revue, *Cranks*, on Broadway. No sooner was that launched than he was back again in England to put on his first three-act ballet for the Sadler's Wells Ballet—*The Prince of the Pagodas* (which has been playing to enthusiastic and capacity audiences at Covent Garden ever since).

A few days after the première he left for Scandinavia to put on another production of *Cranks*. Shortly he returns to put on a musical play. In all this rush he was unable to supervise personally another production of *Cranks* in Mexico, so this was entrusted to Gilbert Vernon, ex-Sadler's Wells dancer who was a member of the original cast both in London and New York.

While he was in New York, Cranko saw a great deal of Martha Graham and has become yet another devoted admirer of this great modern dancer and choreographer. He was also deeply impressed by the dancing of José Limon whom he described as "one of the greatest dancers I have ever seen." This year we in Europe will also be given a chance of seeing Limon because he and his company are making an extensive European tour next summer.

Trans-Atlantic MacMillan

A BUSY year also is 1957 for Kenneth MacMillan. Having mounted his *Winter's Eve* for Ballet Theatre in Lisbon with tremendous success, he left for America on the *Queen Elizabeth* (like many other dancers he prefers the sea to the air) to be present at the New York première on February 10. Before leaving America he will create another work for Ballet Theatre as well as appearing as one of the Ugly Sisters in the Sadler's Wells colour television performance of *Cinderella* in April.

As soon as he returns to England in May he will start work on another ballet for the Covent Garden company, which they will take with them to America in the autumn. It is possible that for this new one-act work he will use an American composer.

Honour for Volkova

AFTER her recent illness and operation, it must have speeded the recovery of Vera Volkova—the famous Russian teacher now attached to the Royal Danish Ballet—for her to learn that she had received one of the highest Danish honours for women. Just before Christmas, King Frederick of Denmark bestowed on her the order and title of Ridder of Dannebrog. This order, similar to our DBE, dates back to the 13th century and is seldom awarded to foreigners.

Dame Adeline Genée became Commander of the order of Dannebrog two years ago, and several solo dancers—Vangsaa, Schanne and Ralov—also received the same honour as Volkova. Her many friends everywhere will be delighted to know that Volkova's fine work has been honoured.

happy birthday to...

		March
Joan Harris	Bavarian State Opera	26
Leonide Massine	International Choreographer	26
Lillian Jarvis	Canadian National Ballet	26
Walter Burgess	Canadian National Ballet	26
Madeleine White	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	29
Jeffrey Koval	Festival Ballet	29
Roy Carlton	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	30
		April
Shirley Bishop	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	1
Leo Kersley	Teaching in Holland	1
Edward Caton	Ballet Theatre	2
Michael Boulton	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	3
Lydia Sokolova		4
June Stern	Ballet Theatre	4
Antony Tudor	Choreographer in America	4
Diane Westerman	Festival Ballet	5
Maureen Andrews	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	5
Yvonne English	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	5
Dorothea Zaymes	Sadler's Wells Ballet	6
Charles Bennett	Ballet Theatre	8
Keith Lester		9
Diane Ireland	Canadian National Ballet	9
Dawn Swane	Festival Ballet	10
Kenn Martynne	Festival Ballet	14
Sara Neil	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	15
Henry Legerton	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	17
Algeranoff	Dancing in Australia	18
John Taras		18
Sallie Wilson	Ballet Theatre	18
Jennifer Alderton	Festival Ballet	18
Ronald Hynd	Sadler's Wells Ballet	22
Claudie Algeranova	Dancing in Australia	24
Kenneth Melville	Festival Ballet	24
Angela Leigh	Canadian National Ballet	24
Sally Gura	Ballet Theatre	26
Melissa Hayden	New York City Ballet	26

Dancer of To-day

Photo: Angus McBean

MARGARET HILL

BORN in Birmingham. First trained at the Doris Cope School, later at the Rambert School. In 1947 *joined Ballet Rambert, with which she toured Australia and New Zealand. After returning to Britain in* 1949 *she was the company's ballerina for some years. Joined the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet in* 1952 *and apart from a few months in* 1954 *when she rejoined the Ballet Rambert, she has remained with that company as a leading soloist.*

Creations: (*for Ballet Rambert*) Kaleidoscope*; Madeline in* Eve of St. Agnes*; Light in* Prismatic Variations*; Queen in* House of Cards; Fate's Revenge; Canterbury Prologue*;* (*for Theatre Ballet*) *Mother in* Blood Wedding*; Equestrienne in* Carte Blanche; *Madame Flora in* Café des Sports*; Sorceress in* Saudades*; The Girl in* Solitaire.

Rôles: (*for Ballet Rambert including*) *Giselle in* Giselle, Act I; *Caroline in* Jardin aux Lilas*;* Dark Elegies*; Felice in* Winter Night*; Nymph in* L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*;* (*for Theatre Ballet*) *Myrthe and Bathilde in* Giselle*; Prayer in* Coppélia*; Prélude in* Les Sylphides*; Chiarina in* Carnaval*; Ursula in* Haunted Ballroom*; Debutante in* Façade; *White Skater in* Les Patineurs*; Lady in* Assembly Ball*; Bride in* La Fête Etrange*; Lamilia in* Pastorale*; Blanche in* Pineapple Poll*; Scintillarda in* The Lady and the Fool*; Bird-Woman in* House of Birds*; Anxiety in* Somnambulism.

IT is quite possible that Margaret Hill has the widest range of any dancer in British ballet. She is mildly terrific and just about as indispensable to her company as anyone can be. She is to the Theatre Ballet what Julia Farron is to Covent Garden.

She has the important quality of maturity and strangely enough she always has had. In one of her very first performances in London she partnered Babilée in *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* at the Empress Hall Nijinsky Galas in 1950, and her assured portrayal immediately stamped her as a dancer to watch.

Since then she has produced a remarkable number of interesting characterisations, but her career until now reached its peak last year with her creation of the Girl in MacMillan's ballet *Solitaire*.

What became of "Junior"

In DANCE AND DANCERS of November 1954, CLIVE BARNES wrote an article "What's to be done with Junior"—in which he expressed disquiet at the direction in which the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet was then going. Over two years later he paid a visit to the company while it was in Brighton, and this is what he found:

I JOURNEYED to Brighton to see the Royal Ballet from Sadler's Wells, presuming that that *is* the name by which the Rose of Rosebery Avenue will be known in the future. At any rate the company I saw was the one that used to be called the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, and, on the whole, I enjoyed the Brighton programmes a lot. The Rose still smelt as sweet.

Once when Sir Thomas Beecham was conducting in Cleveland, Ohio, a reporter apparently asked him whether he thought a certain piece of music he was playing was good. Sir Thomas is said to have replied: "No—but you'll like it in Cleveland, Ohio." Once that summed up the London attitude to ballet in the Provinces.

Not that in the years immediately after the war there was not a great deal of ballet activity in the Provinces—at one time scarcely a seaside pier was complete without a tatty scratch company performing *Swan Lake* to two pianos —but the quality of this activity decimated the value of its quantity. Today ballet is a less frequent visitor to Provincial stages, but its standards are immeasurably higher.

London's Festival Ballet goes on lengthy Provincial tours, the Ballet Rambert still battles gamely on, and there is a tendency for the Covent Garden stars (among them Nerina and Rassine, Grey, Chatfield and Jackson) to undertake concert performances. Finally there is the Royal Ballet itself. Although the Covent Garden branch seems to do most of its Provincial touring in America, the smaller company from Sadler's Wells now spends all its time, apart from a brief yearly season, outside London. It has become the national ballet of the Provinces.

Forced to tour

It was in 1955 that the Theatre Ballet took on its Provincial responsibilities. A year previously there had been a wage dispute between the dancers and management. This was eventually settled, but the high cost of maintaining the company permanently at the Sadler's Wells Theatre (where it could only give two performances a week, and failed to fill the house even for those) put its future in jeopardy. A securer economic basis for the company was vital for its continuance.

Artistically the company had certainly had its ups and downs. Following its formation in 1946 it reached a peak in 1951—the period of Cranko, Beriosova, Fifield and Blair—only to sink again in 1952/4. An article, "What's to be done with Junior?" published in DANCE AND DANCERS in November, 1954, and the subsequent correspondence in these pages, possibly reflected some of the disquiet felt by a section of the ballet audience at the direction the company was taking.

The management gave the best possible answer to these criticisms, and the time between the end of 1954 and the middle of 1955 was one of remarkable progress. The key figures in this development were Peggy Van Praagh (who had been associated with the company since its inception and Assistant Director after 1952) and the newly-developed choreographer, Kenneth MacMillan. Although the company had reached a new phase of artistic development, the outlook from the box-office window was as bleak as ever. The plain fact was that the Governors of Sadler's Wells could not afford to house both an opera and a ballet company under the same roof. Such a procedure had only been practicable before the war—when production costs were far lower—by a financial sacrifice on the part of the artists concerned which, for various reasons, it is nowadays not possible to ask.

Furthermore the Sadler's Wells organisation was being continually pressed by the Arts Council to undertake more Provincial touring. There was really only one answer to the two problems: the Theatre Ballet would have to be re-organised as a national touring company.

General post

When the future of the company was settled, many of the principals decided either to leave or transfer to the Covent Garden company. There were also two soloists who were going to be transferred in any case. The final result was that Maryon Lane, Patricia Miller, Annette Page, Yvonne Cartier, David Poole, Gilbert Vernon, David Gill and Peter Wright, all ceased to be associated with the company. The situation on the male side was made worse by the fact that Pirmin Trecu had been transferred to Covent Garden earlier in the year, and Kenneth MacMillan had given up dancing for choreography. The Theatre Ballet set out on its new career more than somewhat depleted.

Sara Neil and Doreen Tempest were given principal ranking, the two remaining male principals, Donald Britton and Miro Zolan, were joined by Michael Boulton from Covent Garden. There was plenty of talent inside the company, and this was hopefully given every opportunity.

It became known that Peggy Van Praagh was leaving at the end of 1955, and that her place was to be taken, with the new title of resident director, by John Field. During the company's first ten years Miss Van Praagh had possibly contributed more than any other person to its success, and she crowned her efforts during this period of "caretaker government" in the autumn of 1955.

I remember meeting her in Liverpool at that time. The "new" company had just set out on its tour, a new ballet had been rehearsed and produced, and two of her three male principals were on the sick list. Yet aided by the company's teacher, Errol Addison, she was resolutely knocking the Theatre Ballet into shape.

Field takes over

By the time I caught up with the company again (during a blizzard in—of all places—Southend at the beginning of last year) Miss Van Praagh had handed over the Theatre Ballet to John Field as a going concern. Field's position could not have been particularly enviable. He had never before had any administrative experience, and much of the repertory was entirely new to him. Additions to the company at the beginning of that year included Alexander Bennett from Ballet Rambert in January, Henry Legerton, who became ballet master in March in place of the former Ballet Mistress, Pauline Wadsworth, and in the same month the arrival of Anne Heaton as prima ballerina. The new company line-up was thus complete.

The group had considerable success on tour, and enjoyed an almost triumphant return to the Sadler's Wells Theatre for a brief London season during the early summer, when a brilliant new MacMillan ballet was taken into the repertory. During a visit to the Santander Festival in Spain a new production of *Giselle* was given, and this was seen for the first time in England at the beginning of the autumn tour in Lewisham. All the time the company was developing its personality. Now 18 months after its fresh start, it seems a good time to take stock and to consider into what kind of company the Theatre Ballet has developed.

When in 1954 I asked my 64,000 dollar question: "What's to be done with Junior?" I wrote: "Until it is clearly decided whether the company should be a 'glorified graduation class' or a distinct company with a character of its own, and until that decision becomes apparent without any ambiguity in the company's policy, I doubt whether it will be possible for this important, and moderately expensive, section of the National Ballet to play its full part in the ballet scene." Now it *has* been clearly decided, and I welcome the decision, but the form of the company is not what I envisaged when I originally wrote the article.

At that time I was thinking of a relationship between the "senior" and "junior" companies similar to that existing between the Bolshoi and Stanislavski companies in Moscow. I wanted, at least to a degree, equality of status for both, but I had not considered the possibility that the Theatre Ballet would have to leave London to attain it.

Provincial problems

There seem to be defects inherent in the constitution of any Provincial touring company. These defects are the inevitable result of having to appeal to a Provincial rather than a London audience. Now before all our readers in the Provinces hurl atomic missiles at my head, let me hasten to add that I do not mean *them.* In almost any theatrical performance the audience can be divided into those that are present and those (to use the convenient French idiom) that are "assisting". Anyone looking at a ballet audience with an experienced eye can see that part of it is there to watch the ballet positively, and all *our* readers are happily included in that part (I really mean that), whilst the rest of it has come into the theatre out of the rain. Now this positive section of the audience provides a much smaller percentage of the total in the Provinces than in London—partly because of the decreasing density of population, but there are also many other reasons it is not possible to go into.

While watching the company at Brighton, I paid considerable attention to the conversation of my neighbours. Indeed, not only did I eavesdrop shamelessly, I was even rude enough to ask a few pertinent questions. The overwhelming impression I received was that the general level of the audience's interest was only skin deep. To an extent this is, of course, true of a London audience (in this country, at least, people so often go to ballet for the wrong reasons), but not, I think, to the same degree.

I feel that one of the most vital functions of the Theatre Ballet, that of providing a possibility for experiment and growth within the framework of the national ballet, yet outside the limitations of economy and prestige imposed of necessity by the Opera House, is as dead as mutton. Ballet must experiment to live. It cannot make Covent Garden into its laboratory. Nor, I think, can this experimentation be undertaken by a Provincial touring group.

Ideally a Provincial touring company should not be necessary, as every large Provincial centre should have its own opera and ballet

continued on page 34

So You Want to Dance?

Schools and Teachers
by E. C. MASON

ALTHOUGH the admirers of modern dance are very much in the minority today, as opposed to those who favour classical ballet, there is nobody I could think of who could advocate a better case for its tuition than Sigurd Leeder. He is, indisputably, our foremost exponent of modern dance, and there is no one here who has done more to lay down the principles of its technique and theory.

Like Laban, with whom he has worked, he is an inspirer of others as well as himself. The ever-recurring conflicts of intellect and emotion, and the straining to return to the sources and impulses of movement to adapt it to modern dance for present-day needs are his. These conflicts, however, are belied by his gentle, ageless features, quiet German accent, and his modest and charming manner.

The Modern Movement in Dance

Before he took up the study of dance well over a generation ago, Sigurd Leeder had been an art student and an extremely successful actor. He had hoped to become an actor-dancer, but once accepted by Hamburg's *avant-garde* theatre, the Kammerspiele, where he appeared in plays by Wedekind and Toller, there was far less dancing than he had hoped for. He first studied modern dance with a pupil of Laban. Later he studied classical ballet in Vienna, and saw Karsavina and Vladimiroff give concert performances. Classical ballet had little impact on him: its remoteness and soulfully romantic and lyrical qualities exhausted his patience. When one has set out to achieve something else in a dance, sequences of *pirouettes* and *entrechats* mean so very little. But there was at that time a movement against classical ballet in Germany, where the climate was also opposed to classical forms in other arts. Great, disconcerting changes had taken place in the country's social structure. In the world of art the landscape showed an immense effort to create something new. There was in consequence a tremendous amount of experimental work, and while little lasted that was of permanent value, it was the vitality of these movements which was important.

Leeder returned to the dance and gave solo recitals, as well as performing with the Munich Dance Group. In 1924 he met Kurt Jooss in Hamburg, which was then the centre of modern dance in Germany. In Essen Jooss and Leeder opened in 1928 their well-known Folkwang School. This school received municipal patronage, and attempted to combine the arts of music, drama and dance. It was not altogether successful, and Leeder attributes this to the fact that there is little to connect the arts professionally—professional training takes up so much of the individual's time that he must become a specialist in his own art field if he is to be successful.

Based in England

The nucleus of what afterwards became the Ballets Jooss was formed in 1924 and in 1932 *The Green Table* created its sensation in Paris. Incidentally, the full dance score of this work, written in Laban's notation, is still in existence and has been invaluable in remounting the ballet. Leeder came to England in 1934 and together with Kurt Jooss opened the Jooss-Leeder School of Dance at Dartington Hall. The Ballets Jooss, now based in England, toured Europe and North and South America until the war. In 1942, when the company was reformed under the auspices of the Arts Council, then known as CEMA, Leeder rejoined it as dancer, choreographer and ballet master.

In 1947 he left the Ballets Jooss and opened his own studio in Drury Lane. He had expected to have a small school, but almost immediately was compelled to move to a larger studio. In 1950 he moved to his present studio in Regent Square. Almost every year he attends congresses and international summer schools in Zurich and Stockholm, giving a practical teaching and lecture course. He was choreographer for Glyndebourne in Festival of Britain Year and has also done choreography for the Old Vic.

The aim of his school is simply to train dancers and dance teachers. Though essentially the training for dancers and teachers coincide, for dancers tuition embraces every aspect of dance in its relation to the stage, while for teachers emphasis is placed on the potentialities of dance as a creative art form for amateurs. Past pupils have included Hans Zullig, Noelle de Mosa, Michael Charnley, Rolf Alexander and Ann Hutchinson. The tuition is valuable for all purposes, extremely adaptable, for example, to the modern musical comedy. Despite the prejudices against modern dance which some classical teachers attempt to foster in their pupils, a large number of classically-trained dancers attend Leeder's open classes for supplementary training. His dance composition classes encourage students to be inventive and alert in mastering movement combinations. Yet the undeniable acting quality of his pupils is in no part compensation for an absence of technique.

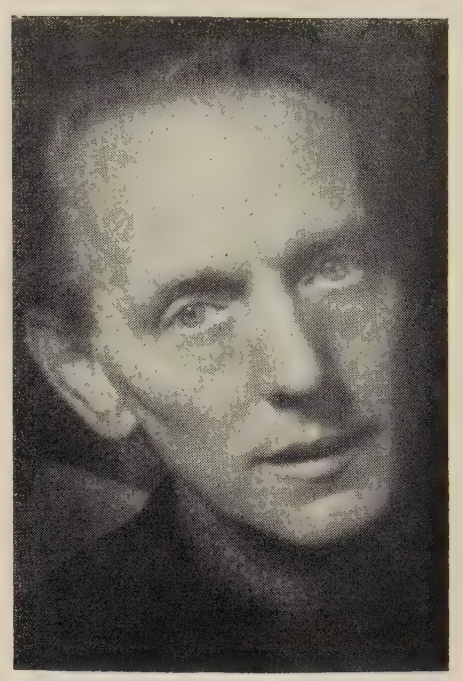
Argument for the defence

For those who deliver impassioned, unreasoned attacks against modern dance because they believe (or chose to believe) that it is devoid of laws, rules, framework or vocabulary of movement, Sigurd Leeder can produce the most telling arguments in its defence.

All art must have some starting point. All movement in modern dance is based simply on the natural movements of the human body and the principles of tension and relaxation. The real expression comes from the dancer as a living creature, therefore every movement must become the personal property of that dancer. The dancer should be completely absorbed within a particular movement, so that at the time of performance it appears as if it were created spontaneously at that very moment. Whereas in classical ballet each movement is guided and controlled and training is largely concerned with counteracting gravity, in modern dance the unguided movement is frequently used, in that gravity is consciously surrendered to or made use of.

Through so many years of experience Leeder has evolved compositions of basic movements which he terms "studies." These have been invented for the direct needs of pupils, and in most cases the music has been specially composed. Some have been created to satisfy the needs of a particular student. Occasionally, a contrast movement may be employed to explain the movement for which a student should search. But the student must acquire the movement himself. He must understand its source, for the emphasis of modern dance is placed on true movement as opposed to copied movement, and living a movement and not just performing it. A dance should not need to strain for effects which are beyond his means.

..The "studies" assist him to build up a framework of movement, so that what will eventually be presented will be—or perhaps appear to be—his very own. As in classical ballet, students of modern dance must also learn a general language. They must do this so that they can work in groups, adapt themselves to other styles and appreciate the qualities of other styles.



SIGURD LEEDER: The foremost teacher of Modern Dance in England.
Starting as a dancer in Germany, he became a partner of Kurt Jooss and helped to form the famous school and company in Essen.
Photo: Colin Paterick

Allied subjects

Apart from classes in technique, Sigurd Leeder gives classes on the rhythmic and dynamic aspects of dance, or the harmony of movement in relation to form and space, improvisation and dance composition, the Laban system of dance notation, musical education, dance styles (national and period), teaching method, and practical instruction in allied subjects such as décor, make-up, costume design and the making of masks.

Leeder has wisely never had any illusions that a fortune could be made from teaching, but he has worked for his own personal satisfaction and has good reason to be very satisfied with his achievements, and nowadays lives comfortably in a mews cottage off Emperor's Gate. He still has superb balance and muscular control, but then he has always made training a fetish. Today he is as fit as many dancers 20 years his junior.

Sigurd Leeder's studio is at 46A Regent Square, not far from Russell Square Underground. Open classes are held on Tuesdays and Fridays at 3 p.m. Special morning classes may be attended by arrangement.

In the April number of DANCE AND DANCERS the work of one of Leeder's foremost pupils—Jean Cebron—will be reviewed. Recently Cebron has given a number of recitals which have created a great deal of interest in the dance world of London.

THE BIRTH OF *THE SLEEPING BEAUTY*

by DAVID HUNT

YOUTHFUL GENIUS: Tchaikovsky at the age of 22, about 26 years before he began The Sleeping Beauty

For the first time, a new recording of the score of* The Sleeping Beauty ★ *enables ballet enthusiasts to hear the complete music as Tchaikovsky wrote it. David Hunt, reviewing these important records, tells the fascinating history of the creation of one of the world's great ballets.

HOW did Tchaikovsky and Petipa come to create *The Sleeping Beauty*? Petipa was nearly 70, Tchaikovsky had written nothing for ballet since the failure of *Swan Lake* some 12 years earlier. The man who brought them together, suggested the subject of the ballet and commissioned them to produce it, himself designing the costumes, was Ivan Alexandrovitch Vsevolozhsky, director of the Russian Imperial Theatres from 1881 until 1899.

Perhaps not even Diaghilev made as positive and lasting a contribution to the development of ballet as did this enlightened and gifted man.

Vsevolozhsky overhauled the whole apparatus of ballet-making: by engaging Italian dancers he caused the Russian classical dance to evolve along more vital lines, he abolished the post of "ballet-music composer" and sent back scenery designers packing, instead bringing into the theatre leading composers and painters.

If it had not been for him Tchaikovsky would never have written *The Sleeping Beauty* or *The Nutcracker*; and it was Vsevolozhsky who, after the composer's death, rescued the score of *Swan Lake* from the Bolshoi shelves, where it had long been mouldering having been pronounced undanceable, and suggested to Petipa that he might show the world that this was not so.

"Not a bad idea"

Vsevolozhsky first tried in 1886 to persuade Tchaikovsky to write a ballet, based on the story of the water-sprite Ondine (which Ashton is using for his forthcoming ballet of the same name). Tchaikovsky was not particularly interested, having already written—and burned—an opera on the same subject many years previously, after deciding that the plot and characters were "childish nonsense"—though he later made use of the music for one of the love duets for the second-act *pas de deux* in *Swan Lake*.

Two years passed, and on May 13, 1888, Vsevolozhsky again wrote to Tchaikovsky: "It wouldn't be a bad idea, by the way, for you to write a ballet. I have been thinking of writing a libretto on Perrault's *La Belle au Bois Dormant*. I would like the scenery to be in the style of Louis XIV and in this setting one could stage a musical fantasy and compose melodies in the style of Lully, Bach, Rameau, etc. . . . In the last act we must have a quadrille of all the fairy-tales of Perrault—Puss in Boots, Little Tom Thumb, Cinderella, Bluebeard and so on."

Tchaikovsky eventually replied: "I have just been through the scenario of *The Sleeping Beauty*, which I have at last received, and I should like to tell you straight away how charmed and enthusiastic I am. The idea appeals to me and I wish nothing better than to write the music for it."

Before starting work he asked Petipa to mark out the dances as accurately as possible, stating the number of bars and the type of music required. This extract from Petipa's preliminary plan shows in what detail Petipa mapped out the choreography before a note of the music was written:

"Suddenly Aurora sees the old woman who plays with her knitting needles, in 2/4 time. Gradually this turns into a highly tuneful waltz in 3/4 time. A pause. She says nothing. Then pain. Cries. Blood flows (eight strong beats in 4/4 time). She dances, giddily. Dismay. It is no longer a dance, but frenzy, madness. She turns as if she has been bitten by a tarantula and collapses. All this must take about 24 to 32 beats. At the end I should like a tremolo (a few beats), like cries of pain 'Father . . . Mother . . .' A little further on, when everyone sees the old woman, she drops her clothes. At that moment I need a chromatic scale from the whole orchestra."

Working at his country home at Frolovskoye, Tchaikovsky had sketched out the Prologue and the first and second acts by the end of the following January, when he set off on his second concert tour abroad.

Tchaikovsky at the Alhambra

His travels took him as far as London, where, incidentally, he attended a ballet performance at the Alhambra, the theatre in which, 33 years later, Diaghilev was to present his lavish production of *The Sleeping Beauty*. The ballet he saw was *The Enchantress*, with music by Georges Jacobi and with Emma Bessone, a notable Giselle of the period, as *première danseuse*. He summed it up in his diary in one word—"Boredom."

He continued to work on the score intermittently, composing the third-act Polonaise, for instance, on April 4 on board ship during his homeward journey via the Mediterranean and the Caucasus. Back in Frolovskoye, he wrote on the final page of the rough draft: "Finished sketches on May 26, 1889, 8 p.m. God be praised! Worked in all 10 days in October, three weeks in January and one week in May, a total of 40 days."

At the end of July, three weeks before putting the final touches to the orchestration, he wrote to his benefactress Nadezhda von Meck: "I think, dear friend, that this ballet will be one of my best works. The subject is so poetical, so grateful for musical setting that I was carried away while composing it and wrote with such warmth and enthusiasm that my feelings must surely be reflected in the music. Orchestration gives me far more trouble than it used to; consequently the work goes slowly, but perhaps all the better. Many of my earlier works show traces of hurry and lack of due reflection."

We know that during this time Tchaikovsky stayed up half the night on one occasion studying the orchestral score of Adam's *Giselle*—a direct quotation from the second act of *Giselle* in the Vision Scene can be regarded as a conscious tribute to a ballet and a composer Tchaikovsky held in high esteem. Another intriguing note in one of his diaries tells us that on another night, after working on *The Sleeping Beauty*, he dreamed that he was a dancer.

Conducted by Drigo

During rehearsals of the ballet he gave Riccardo Drigo, who was to conduct the performances, full authority to make whatever small cuts and alterations were necessary from Petipa's point of view. These were numerous, and included the deletion of the very beautiful Entr'acte between the two scenes of Act II, with a solo violin part of formidable difficulty, intended to be played by the great virtuoso violinist Leopold Auer. This interlude was too long and held up the action; but another number, the preceding *Panorama*, proved to be too short. During the *Panorama* the backcloth moved from left to right to show the Prince's journey to the enchanted castle. At the rehearsal, however, the music finished before the scene had been completely unfolded. The additional music which Tchaikovsky was prevailed upon to write into the *Panorama* to make it last out these last few yards of material was for many years known in Russia as the "Yard Music."

The Tsar's famous comment, at the gala dress rehearsal, on the most magnificent ballet score ever written—"Very nice"—has led many writers to state that the ballet was at first coolly received. Nevertheless from the start its success was spectacular and it played to packed houses, being given on as many as 21 of the 45 ballet performances of the 1890–1 Maryinsky season.

MASTER AND PUPIL: Tchaikovsky (right), at the time of the production of The Sleeping Beauty, *with his pupil and close friend Alexander Siloti, who made the piano arrangement of the music*

★ Tchaikovsky: *The Sleeping Beauty*. Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (Antal Dorati). Mercury MRL2524-7 4 12-in. 158*s*. 6*d*.

"I dedicate this ballet to Vsevolozhsky," Tchaikovsky told his publisher. "Do not forget to put this on the title page in large letters. He is extremely proud of the dedication." He had every reason to be.

And yet, despite the success of the ballet, only the two-hand piano arrangement by Tchaikovsky's pupil Siloti and, later, one for four hands by Rachmaninov, were published in the composer's lifetime.

Authentic edition

Not until 1952 was the full orchestral score, based on the autograph manuscript and with all the traditional cuts restored, made generally available for study and performance, in four imposing volumes printed in Moscow as part of the new complete edition of Tchaikovsky's works.

As this is the edition which Antal Dorati has evidently used for the new Mercury recording, at long last it is possible to hear the music as Tchaikovsky conceived it and as it is now played, from all reports, for performances of the ballet in Moscow and Leningrad. To hear some 40 minutes of *The Sleeping Beauty* which one has never known comes as a fascinating experience and, listened to in all its sumptuous, glittering length, the score leaves an impression of almost overwhelming richness and variety.

Dorati ignores the repeat in Aurora's first-act Variation (No. 8c), he makes a substantial cut of seven pages in the *Panorama* (the "Yard Music"?) and a slight one in the Gold Fairy's enchanting solo in Act 3. Curiously, an unmarked repeat is given in the *Tom Thumb and the Giant* episode in the Wedding divertissement. Otherwise every note of what is played tallies with the Soviet edition of the score.

There are some surprises, particularly for those who may have been under the impression that the Sadler's Wells production of the ballet merely omits certain dances. These unfamiliar items begin to crop up in Act II and become startlingly numerous in Act III, amounting altogether to nine complete musical numbers. None of this material is in any way inferior to or less captivating than the more familiar part of the music.

But there is more to it than that. As we hear it at Covent Garden, there are remarkably few sections of the score that have not suffered some abridgement—only about a half of the numbers used in the Wells production are played complete! Many of these cuts are of trifling importance. Others, in the *March*, *Polonaise*, *Mazurka* and *Apotheosis* in the last act, for instance, are hefty enough to dim the lustre of the music's magnificence.

Admittedly some of these blue-pencillings date from the ballet's original Maryinsky production—the abbreviated ending of Bluebird's solo, for example, was requested by Cecchetti, who designed this particular dance as well as creating the rôle. The original ending, though more exciting, suggests that Tchaikovsky had for once perhaps over-estimated the staying power of a male dancer and had not realised that 12 consecutive *entrechats six* at this point were beyond even a Cecchetti.

Food for thought

Even so, without suggesting that the version currently played for our production of the ballet seriously mutilates the score—on the contrary, it was obviously prepared with great love and tact—I respectfully hope that Dame Ninette de Valois will listen to these records and ponder deeply on the matter.

The American orchestra's performance, if in no way outstanding beyond its virtue of completeness, is on the whole excellent. Dorati is at his best in the more dynamic moments, but although the orchestra plays with discipline and polish, there is no denying a certain want of magic in many of the quieter lyrical passages. Like the performance, the recording is of a brilliance tending to hardness, though with this toned down it yields an extremely agreeable sound.

The Prologue and each of the three acts take up a record apiece. As the first disc of Robert Irving's abridged recording of the ballet on HMV contains the whole of the Prologue and Act I, with only minor cuts, it is possible to have a virtually complete performance of this wonderful work on three discs by buying the first of HMV's two (CLP1073) and the third and fourth records of the Mercury set.

The Art of Flamenco

An Anthology of Cante Flamenco. Pepe el de la Matrona, Rafaël Romero, Bernardo el de los Lobitos, Pericon de Cádiz, El Niño de Almaden, El Niño de Málaga, El Chaqueta, Lolita de Triana, Jarrito (vocal), Pedro del Valle (guitar). Ducretet-Thomson. TKL 93094–5–6. 3 12in. 35*s.* 1½*d.* each.

THE gypsies are nature's aristocrats and their proud bearing inevitably proclaims it. Even if you don't agree and you feel that they sometimes reveal facets of their nature which might not accord with our idea of nobility, nobody can quibble about the inherent aristocracy of flamenco music—their adaptation of Andalusian songs and dances, all of which bear strong traces of the Moorish occupation.

Cante and Baile Flamenco have developed through the centuries and even today their sources are still lost somewhere in the burning plains and wild mountains of Andalusia. But originally these songs and dances were performed by the gypsies for their own pleasure—serious themes (death, love and poverty, want) being known as *Cante jondo*, lighter subjects as *Cante chico*. At the end of the last century they became a popular form of public entertainment in the café-chantant. More recently the Cuadro Flamenco has moved into the theatre proper and become more commercialised. In a few places in Southern Spain is it still possible to see flamenco danced and hear it sung as it used to be, principally in the Sacromonte caves of Granada and the Zambra Club in Madrid. Much of what now passes for flamenco is but a poor shadow of what it once was.

However, none of this decline is evident in this set of records which is a true aristocrat among quite a number of flamenco records to be released of late. I have heard most of these singers in Spain (Rafaël Romero is well known in London as he is the Cantaor of Antonio's company), and even with my limited knowledge of flamenco I can realise that here is the cream of today's Cantaores. All of them are the finest stylists of their kind.

The range of this anthology is wide—both secular and spiritual—covering as it does the whole of Andalusia, from Cadiz on the Atlantic to Valencia on the Mediterranean; from songs with dancing (*Fandangos*, *Sevillanas Bulerias*, *etc.*) to the *Saetas*, the songs sung in Holy Week in Seville. The latter are particularly interesting as so far as I know there have not been any previous recordings of *Saetas* in this country. To the accompaniment of a Martial fanfare, these vocal meditations, which mark various points in the religious processions, seem to contain more spiritual devotion than any of the trite hymns which most people sing to mark this culmination of the Holy Year. The voice of a gypsy suddenly pierces the Sevillian night, like the arrow from which these songs take their name, and it seems to be a cry that has echoed down the centuries.

Strange also are the *Martinetes*, forging songs, their only accompaniment being the sound of the anvil. These and the ancient unaccompanied *Tonas* are very well sung by Rafaël Romero. In such an array of artists it is impossible to mention everyone, but special praise is due to the fine quality of El Pericon de Cédiz in both *Tango Flamenco* and the *Alegrias*, and to the elegance of El Niño de Almadén in *Caracoles*, which survey the passing scene in Madrid's Calle de Alcalá during the last century.

Apart from the accompaniments already mentioned, the remainder are accompanied by the excellent playing of Perico el del Lunar on the guitar and occasional *palmas* and *pitos*.

We are always looking for standards by which to assess various branches of art, whether it be music or dancing. I would say that in this set of records we have a very high standard by which to judge any flamenco singing we hear in the future. Nobody with any feeling for Spain or this, one of the peninsula's major arts, can afford not to buy, borrow or steal this anthology. Only two faults can I find—the grouping (there are seven groups in all) tends to become confused, so it is essential to buy the half-crown accompanying booklet; also the sleeve is rather garish in design—two very minor faults which have no bearing on the quality of these splendid records.

Peter Williams

Spanish chestnuts

Antonio and his Spanish Dancers, with Symphony Orchestra conducted by A. Curras, and Pablo Miquel (piano). Decca LK4142. 12in. 35*s.* 1½*d.*

THE cover photograph of Antonio's handsome face should be enough to attract the attention of every one of his admirers who owns a gramophone, but of all the Spanish "dance-recital" records I know this is probably the least likely to be tolerated by anyone who happened to be allergic to the sound of castanets.

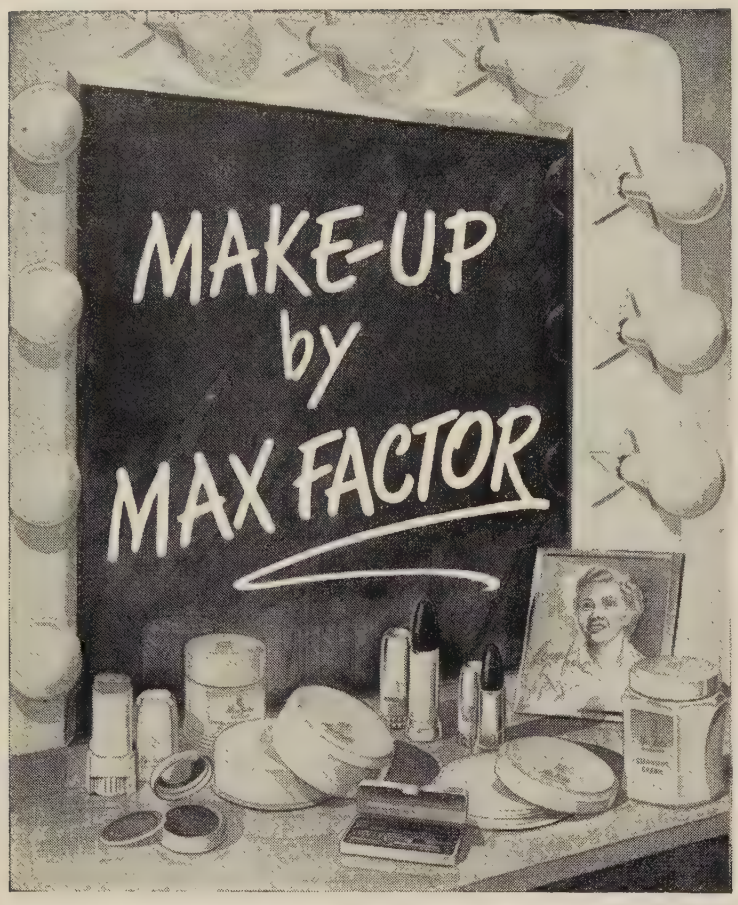
In the theatre I will willingly sit hypnotised by all the *pitos*, *palmas* and *zapateado* stampings, by all the carefully rehearsed abandon and ecstatic grimacing of any of the ubiquitous companies of theatricalised Spanish gypsies that haunt these fog-bound shores—if only for the sake of the occasional flamenco number, which I invariably find fascinating.

But when, as happens on this LP, someone takes such enchanting music as the suite of harpsichord sonatas by the 18th-century Catalan Father Antonio Soler, has them played in a well-mannered, sensitive orchestration, and then superimposes against these aristocratic sounds the garrulous, aggressive clackety-clack of castanets, the result, to my mind, smacks of musical barbarism. In any case, Soler's sonatas have as little directly in common with peasant folk art as Scarlatti's, which they resemble.

The reverse of the disc is taken up by not exactly first-rate examples of what I call "palmas-court Spanish"—rather tasteless arrangements of pieces by Granados, Turina, Falla, Larregla and Sarasate, indifferently played by a typical theatre orchestra and given an "authentic" flavour by the addition of more relentless click-clackery.

It is all stunningly reproduced by the engineers and the final item is a recording of Antonio's superbly dexterous foot-work in his famed solo to Sarasate's *Zapateado*, which in all fairness I must admit to have found almost as breath-taking on a record as in the theatre.

David Hunt



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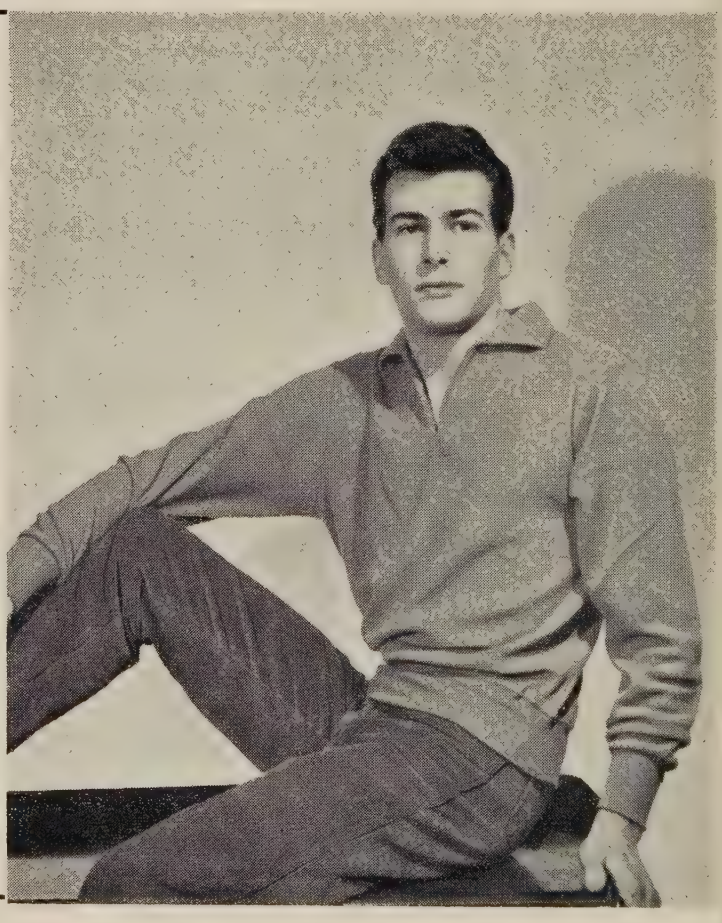

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET

Fifield as Aurora

The pre-Christmaa season was made up exclusively of full-evening ballets. Such a nice change after the "old-fashioned" Bolshoi! On December 21 *The Sleeping Beauty* returned to the repertory with Fonteyn and Somes. The following night Elaine Fifield was seen as Aurora. Although she danced the rôle last season, this performance was her official press début in it.

I am bored to death with our little dancing girls and, more particularly and more vehemently, with our little dancing boys. Half the "people" draped round the scenery in this production should be 20 years older than they are. Having said that, let me hasten to add that I blame no one but the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Government, and, probably, Her Majesty's Opposition. I suspect that the Sadler's Wells Ballet needs another 20 or so dancers on its payroll, all of them well over 30 and all of them good mimes. For another decade at least these dancers might be difficult to find, but even if the direction was able to find them, the comparatively small Government grant Covent Garden receives would make their engagement impossible. Yet the problem remains: there seems something distinctly nasty about kings surrounded by the gilded youth of a court, the average age of which appears to be around 18.

Now to happier matters. All-in-all this was a very pleasing performance. Annette Page (as usual) and Rowena Jackson shone out among the Fairies' Variations. Anya Linden, as the Lilac Fairy, also danced a smooth variation, but elsewhere needed authority. I liked, however, her good humour, particularly in the Vision Scene.

In the last act Jackson and Brian Shaw flew to new heights as the Bluebirds. If we are to be denied an enchanted Princess to dance with the Bluebird, Jackson's cut-diamond brilliance as a humming-bird is most acceptable. Shaw cleaved his way through the air with no effort at all, and I very much like his forthright partnering.

Elaine Fifield has improved a great deal since her first performance. Her Aurora is a sincere and usually quite exquisitely danced portrayal. The one thing it lacks is certainly not polish, perhaps it is spontaneity. Her make-up is bad (too pink and chalky) and she tends to cast her eyes down too much. She was dancing very cleanly, with clearly articulated phrases. Her *port de bras* was elegant, and her whole carriage trim and poised. Her characterisation was simple but sufficient; bashful as the birthday-princess, elusive as the vision, radiant as the bride. This was even better than her promising Odette-Odile.

Somes was a handsome, helpful and noble Prince. But I have seen him dance his variation with more *élan*.

One is relieved to see that none of the company has adopted the Bolshoi broken-wrist line. While this was delightful with the Russians, for our dancers to use it would be reminiscent of the funny Rooshion accents that are occasionally perpetrated in funny Rooshion plays. **Clive Barnes**

Nerina as Cinderella

AT one time it seemed to me that Nerina was just a little—how shall I put it?—a little too mechanically vivacious perhaps. While she is the company's most bravura dancer, she frequently appeared too brittle, a little lacking in genuine sparkle, too much the ballerina and too little the character she was portraying.

Although the part of Cinderella has always been one of her best, recent performances in this rôle, nevertheless, show a quite extraordinary improvement. What has produced this new Nerina? I heard that our Bolshoi visitors were very much taken with her, and that she has been working very much harder than usual, but with what results! It is common for our dancers to give glimpses of interpretation, but rare for them to be able to sustain a characterisation in a full-length work. More often than not they step in and out of their characters all through a performance—so opposed to the allegedly Stanislavsky approach of our recent visitors.

In this performance Nerina sustained her rôle from beginning to end, never striking a false note. In her opening scene—the dance with the broom especially—she has both the roguishness and innocent expression of a young girl. Although she gains in sophistication for the second act, her ecstasy and vivacity charm everyone around her. The only fault I can remember is that she seemed a little smothered in some of the ball-scene's most spectacular moments—but then how appropriate that Cinderella should be a little overwhelmed by her first visit to such a grand gathering.

It would be an understatement to say that David Blair danced well as the Prince. His interpretation leans a little too heavily on his exceptional ability as a dancer. A more generous amount of ardour and affection for Cinderella would make it more convincing: so far he has only exhibited a kindly and cavalierly interest in her. All went well except for one or two slightly strained moments in *pas de deux*. No doubt these will disappear when the dancers have a few more performances together.

Brian Shaw as the Jester is also better than ever. Now that he is turning well again his performance is free from strain and anxiety. Ashton's choreography is quite bizarre enough to be effective without the dancer screwing up his face with winks and eyebrows, and Shaw realises this.

The *corps de ballet* danced extremely well and with such precision that I am surprised that other critics considered them stale. But on the other hand, the ensembles of animated seasons, led by Rosemary Lindsay as the Fairy Godmother, seemed more ragged than they have ever been. Beriosova alone stood out as Winter, being, paradoxically, more warm and fruitful than her more productive rivals.

Kenneth MacMillan's conception of his Stepsister rôle has greatly improved, making him a better foil for Ashton. There does seem to be, however, far more slapstick and overdone comedy in these rôles than there used to be—they push each other far too much and there are too many contrived collisions. To my mind, buffoonery does not go down very well in this type of ballet.

The lighting of the last scene now seems very garish, and some ugly colours are brought out in the décor. The wands of the Stars stay on much too long and produce an unpleasant effect, rather like street-lamps left on during the day. **E. C. Mason**

HUNGARIAN VISITOR: Margit Muller in Swan Lake *Act II. It was in this ballet that she gave her first performance with London's Festival Ballet while the company was at the Davis Theatre, Croydon.*

Formerly a ballerina of the Hungarian State Ballet in Budapest, she recently escaped, with many adventures on the way, to England. She is due to dance all the classics in the Festival Ballet repertoire.

Photo: Jean Straker

Jackson as Swanilda

SWANILDA is one of the most innocent of ballet's many un-complex characters, while the rôle of Frantz has been almost over-simplified away to nothing. I am not suggesting that it is necessary for the dancers performing these rôles to probe very deeply into the personalities via Freudian psychoanalysis or become absorbed by the psychological and emotional make-up of these two characters. Both parts, none the less, need more thought than they are often given.

Rowena Jackson, as far as she goes, and she goes further than some other interpreters of Swanilda, is very good indeed. She exploits the humour of the situations in Act II well. Her dancing, on a very high level throughout, is at its best in Act II, although her variations in the last act are delightfully executed. There is a notable improvement in her acting ability, but perhaps she tries a little too hard to make the most of every situation. A few moments of repose and some more genuine warmth to match the sunlight of the village square could add another dimension.

Her attachment to Frantz appears to be domestic and sisterly rather than romantic; perhaps a touch or two of a becoming self-consciousness in his presence would be appropriate. But her attitude, from the moment she appears, seems to be that it is her destiny to marry Frantz (there will be no hitch, certainly no betrayal!), and this attitude must remove some interest from the plot. Nevertheless, a performance which is only skin-deep in parts can be very effective in a theatre the size of the Royal Opera House, particularly when the actual dancing is first class.

Bearing in mind the importance of his presence for Swanilda, Frantz now has little of interest, apart from the drinking scene and the few seconds with the ladder, to contribute to the plot. Some extra touches must be supplied which are in character to prevent the rôle from becoming too cardboard and merely decorative. Desmond Doyle as Frantz does not seem to be completely at ease, although he dances his variation in Act III extremely well. The *pas de deux* does not, however, measure up to previous standards.

On the other hand, John Hart's Coppélius is a highly enterprising portrayal which is clearly the product of much thought. One could almost quote Miss Anita Loos and refer to him as the three-thirds of that trio, but that would be neither fair nor quite true. His characterisation, and it is a many-sided one, does provide the interest needed to develop the simple plot. It is a satisfying and thoroughly convincing performance, and very probably the best and most substantial interpretation in any present English version. His sinister side—drugging the village youth and experimenting in the black arts—is subtly suggested rather than savagely underlined. Overtones of comedy and undertones of tragedy, which occasionally grip the heart, pervade his devotion to the mechanical Coppélia. His appreciation of the more amusing aspect—the eccentric hermit who is fair game for the village youths, but no target for a witch-hunt—helps to make his Coppélius a real character and not just a type.

Good performances come from Julia Farron, leading the *Czardas* and Anya Linden as a serenely glittering Aurora. The *ensembles* of the six Friends in Act I seem alarmingly ragged by comparison with the precision of the *corps de ballet*.

E. C. Mason

New cast in Cranko ballet

BALLETS should not conform to the economists' law of diminishing returns, yet the more I see of *The Prince of the Pagodas* the less I want to see it again. On the whole it diverts the mind rather than moves the heart, so that its appeal is essentially superficial.

The only *truly* bad thing about the ballet is John Piper's utterly tasteless *décor*, the only *truly* good thing is Britten's charming score. Cranko's contribution is, within its own terms of reference, excellent. Despite the somewhat derivative nature of some of the choreography, Cranko has used his material in an original and consistently inventive way, but unfortunately the work is decorative rather than musically dramatic.

Most of the dancing is designed for visual impact instead of musical and dramatic expressiveness, whereas ideally ballet should combine the two with the accent on the latter. Nevertheless, Cranko is still very young, and despite the criticism, has done a sound and professional job. Perhaps at the moment he is too clever by half, but I wonder if Ashton, Balanchine or Lavrovsky would have made any more of their opportunities at his age.

At any rate it gives the company a fine chance to show off, which at least is exhilarating. On January 21 we saw the second cast take over the ballet, led by Anya Linden as Belle Rose and Ronald Hynd as the Prince. Linden looks the natural waif—the sort of girl Charlie Chaplin makes films about. Her dancing had a freshly-scrubbed brightness, completely free from artifice. There is a clarity and directness about her movements that diffidence prevents from appearing hard. She approaches a *pas de deux* with a mixture of shyness and resolution that is immediately appealing. Her greatest defect is probably a lack of instinctive musical awareness, the disadvantages of which she is making the strongest efforts to overcome. Here she was very successful, and her simple line, perfect placing and artless personality were a delight.

The title-rôle was Ronald Hynd's first full-length part. He has something of the lean, take-it-or-leave-it arrogance of Youskevitch, and a strong masculine personality. He moves with elegance, his partnering was safe and eloquent, his variation neatly phrased and danced with plenty of *brio*. He missed the crash-bang perfection of Blair's coda, but only just. The opening *manège* of *coupés jetés en tournant* was well sustained. His appearance in the guise of the Salamander was also most effective.

Rosemary Lindsay's Belle Epine was less prickly than Farron's, and she gave the part a more varied emotional colouring, which was not entirely an advantage. Her dancing was well-bred and pleasing. Annette Page replaced Linden as the Moon, where she missed the part's cold lambency, and also in the last act *Pas de Six*. Here I preferred her to Linden, her spacious movement and verve fitting the choreography well.

At the ballet's third performance Pirmin Trecu badly injured his ankle, and his part of the Fool was taken by David Boswell, while the Fish in the second act was given to Keith Milland. Boswell—who must take care not to appear too "cute" on stage—worked very hard as the Fool and gave an honest and attractive performance. Technically he is a little weak, but he takes an obvious pleasure in dancing which communicates to the audience and makes up for a lot. Milland made a very poor Fish, which did not improve with keeping.

Clive Barnes

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

The Lake re-designed

THE only novelty of Festival Ballet's Christmas season at the Stoll Theatre was Anton Dolin's new production of *Swan Lake* Act II. Following Mr. Dolin's forthright condemnation of the Bolshoi production in these pages last month, simple-minded fool that I am, I went along to *his own* new production confidently expecting a revelation. This was not vouchsafed us. Yet certain improvements, notably those of omission, have been made. He has cut out the irrelevant *pas de trois* for Benno and the two leading swans, which used to be choreographed to the *pas de trois* music from the first act. Now the Prince's solo is danced to the male variation to that same *pas de trois*. There are no other material changes. Some years ago, writing in the magazine *Ballet*, Mr. Dolin, I seem to remember, defended the Diaghilev practice of ending the second act, when it was given by itself, with the death of the Prince. At one time Dolin practised what he had preached, but in recent years he has allowed the Prince to remain alive and mystified at the curtain-fall. This, I think, is a mistake

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SPIRIT OF THE LAKE: Two pictures, taken during a performance, of Markova in Keith Lester's ballet in Where the Rainbow Ends, *which was such a successful feature of this year's production of the famous children's play.*

Photo: Diana Daniels

as the "Diaghilev-ending" had the great virtue of dramatic completeness.

The really new thing about this production is, however, no innovation in its staging but the new *décor* and costumes by Loudon Sainthill. After Mr. Sainthill's rather unhappy experience with the Theatre Ballet's *Coppélia* in 1951, one would have thought that he would have learnt the elementary lesson that 19th-century ballets require scenery approximating to 19th-century designs; but one would have thought wrong. Once again Mr. Sainthill has let his fancy roam, and the be-turretted romanticism of his backcloth would have been more suitable to a birthday card than *Swan Lake*. The costumes are undistinguished, but one is glad to see that Mr. Dolin has retained the *corps de ballet tutus* in his production.

At the first performance on December 21, Odette was danced by Toni Lander and Siegfried by Flemming Flindt. What wonderful progress Toni Lander has made since she first appeared in England five years ago! Her Odette has developed from a creature not unlike her fellow-countryman's ugly duckling into a most glorious swan. At this performance there was a certain lack of pliancy in her back, but apart from this she had the frosty glitter of perfection coupled with the feminine warmth of her personality. There is nothing small-scale about her dancing, which has a sweeping breadth and generosity about it.

Festival Ballet's other Dane, Flemming Flindt, danced an excellent variation, exhibiting all the virtues of the Danish male school. Like Lander his spell with the company has done him a power of good, yet he lacks a certain manner of presentation so that his dancing does not quite make the impression it deserves. His acting also leaves a lot to be desired. The cheerful *gaucherie*, so attractive in a Frantz, is far from being appropriate to a serious-minded Prince like Siegfried.

The more one sees of Festival Ballet's version of *The Nutcracker*, the more anxious one is to see the Balanchine production for New York City Ballet. Has Balanchine, for example, succeded in making the Children's Party of the Prologue (an occasion when Art even overpowers the awful terrors of the Reality) moderately entertaining? Has he succeeded in making the ballet, as surely Tchaikovsky intended, a child's dream of Christmas?

Not that there is not much to praise in Festival Ballet's production; the parts are infinitely more rewarding than the whole, but there is too little fantasy, too little imagination. The scenery and costumes, with the first act by George Kirsta, and the second, a new arrangement of curtains by an anonymous artist, are not distinguished. The dancing, however, was good. Marilyn Burr and Kenneth Melville in the Kingdom of the Snow, and Belinda Wright and John Gilpin in the Kingdom of the Sweets were all admirable, Gilpin in particular dancing with that *élan* and dash that distinguishes him from his contemporaries.

Clive Barnes

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS

A play for children by Clifford Mills and John Ramsey with music by Roger Quilter. Revived at the London Coliseum on December 24. Special ballet choreographed by Keith Lester.

IN these days when patriotism has taken on the rather musty air of a faded spinster, it comes as a welcome relief to find children so implicitly believing in St. George and his conquest of evil. Even we jaded adults find ourselves caught up in the general sentiment when Anton Dolin as the armoured and saintly knight finally invites us to shout "yes" to his inquiry as to whether we are on the side of St. George.

On the afternoon I saw the present production that dear artist of musical comedy Cicely Courtneidge shouted "yes!" louder than anyone. Because Dolin believes so implicitly in this rôle, his playing of which has now become an annual Christmas event, we too get carried away on this quest through dragon country to the land of the rainbow's end. Like Ivor Novello, he brings credulity to rather incredulous situations because inside his steel armour beats a heart that for a few afternoon hours has become the heart of St. George. Belief in whatever rôle you are playing is the only key to success in the theatre.

This quest also takes us to a lake where, as its reigning spirit, Alicia Markova queens it over everyone. I am glad that the programme groups her under the "Immortals," because if anyone ever was she seems to be just that. Looking quite wonderful in a dress created by Manya (who made Pavlova's costumes), Markova is wafted around the lake by three attendants—Arnold Spohr, James Campbell and John Stevens—and it is as though moonlight catches the slight ripples made on the water's surface as a nymph passes on her way.

But Markova does more than just be carried around, she turns and jumps so beautifully that one is never conscious of such movements being other than her natural way of skimming this earth's surface. Never is the audience aware of effort on her part; and yet, as every dancer knows, to perform such feats requires a great deal of effort.

It has been said that it is a pity for a great ballerina of Markova's calibre to appear in entertainments of this kind, and naturally we should all like to see her in ballet's more solid classics. On the other hand, it is a splendid opportunity for the young to become acquainted with the noble tradition which Markova so emphatically represents. For the future of the art, it is quite essential that the young are shown dancing at its best so that they attain a high critical standard from an early age. In this way Markova performs invaluable service in forming the audience of tomorrow.

Keith Lester arranged, to some not-too-well-known Tchaikovsky music, rather assymetric choreography, the main purpose of which was to give the large youthful *corps de ballet* something simple and effective to do. In this respect it succeeded well, but there were several moments when the *corps* also succeeded in "masking" Markova which was irritating—not to say unprofessional. This may not have been so much the fault of the choreographer as of the young dancers who have not yet learned the golden rule that when the ballerina is on stage she should be seen by everyone. At such moments the rest, as far as the audience is concerned, can go and drown themselves in the lake—or whatever is to hand.

On the whole this was the best played production of *Where the Rainbow Ends* we have seen for several years, special honours going to the sonorous Dragon King of Nicholas Bruce (Karsavina's son) and the wicked Aunt Matilda of Joan Emney whose little dance warrants mention in this magazine. **P.W.**

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

DURING January the Theatre Ballet paid a week's visit to Brighton, and so gave hardy Londoners (or possibly only crazy Londoners) an opportunity to see them.

The first programme, *Swan Lake Act II*, *The Haunted Ballroom* and *Pineapple Poll*, succeeded in filling the theatre (the Essoldo) even on a Monday night. Anne Heaton has greatly improved as a classical dancer, or rather she is now fulfilling the promise of classical achievement she revealed at the beginning of her career. For one thing her thighs are now much thinner, and she looks well in a classic *tu-tu*. However, I found her Odette rather cold and disappointing. It had more the clinical atmosphere of an academic exercise than the

GIRL PARTNERS BOY: Members of the Polish State Dance Company "Mazowsze" in the spirited Lowicz Oberek, *one of the final numbers in their programme at the Stoll Theatre. A full review of this company will appear in the next issue. Photo: Paul Wilson*

tension of a performance, and emotionally it was directed too much at the audience and too little at her partner. Her partner himself, John Field, was not a great help; he looked distraught and abstracted as though he had forgotten something.

I am not sure that it was a good idea to revive *The Haunted Ballroom*, but it will doubtless prove a popular addition to the repertory. Yet of all the De Valois ballets currently given this is surely the one that has dated most. Some of the choreography, particularly for the phantom *corps de ballet*, is fascinatingly uninteresting. Still it does contain three strong, meaty roles.

Miro Zolan, the new Master of Treginnis, dances and acts with impressive power. The contrast he makes between the stiff, formal restraint of the first scene and the emotional frenzy of the dance of death reminded me of Hans Zullig in the part, although he dances it with more abandon. I like also Sara Neil flitting through the ballet as the serene and intangible Alicia. Walter Trevor danced exceptionally well as the Stanger Player, but needed more hidden menace; he seemed insufficiently sinister.

Although Donald Britton, Patricia Cox and Johaar Mosaval were as good as ever in *Pineapple Poll*, I felt the ballet as a whole was in danger of becoming slightly broadened and cheapened. There was a tendency, particularly on the part of the girls, to play for easy laughs.

The next programme I saw consisted of *Les Patineurs* and *Giselle*. Since I first saw Johaar Mosaval dance the Blue Skater about 18 months ago he has consistently improved. But it is still rather a light-weight performance. He is now up to the part's technical demands, but, unlike Britton, Boulton and Shaw, has nothing left in hand. He gave a polished and elegant exhibition, but missed the cheeky conceit and cockiness of the true-blue Blue Skater.

Having already seen Sara Neil and Alexander Bennett in *Giselle* last September, I was glad to see the company's other pair in the ballet, Anne Heaton and Miro Zolan. Neither, of course, is a stranger to the ballet.

Heaton's first performances at Covent Garden were full of interest, partly because of the validity of her dramatic approach to the character. Her present portrayal has lost none of its original intensity, but the considerable improvement in her dancing places it among the best current interpretations. It is of the Chauviré rather than Markova school, more realistic than fey. Her acting was direct and spontaneous, while her dancing had the finish and finesse it previously lacked. My one serious reservation is of her Mad Scene, which although it would probably be very effective at Covent Garden, needs toning down for smaller theatres.

There was a marked sympathy between her and Zolan as Albrecht. Zolan also gave a careful and well-considered portrayal. He is a fine artist, and like Heaton has conceived the character in the round. He followed the Bolshoi conception of Albrecht as a charming cad who falls in love with Giselle during the course of the ballet. Both dancers made the most of the passionate, romantic agony of the second act.

They were helped by an unusually vigorous Hilarion from Leslie White, a performance of morose power which triumphantly overcame the disadvantages of an inappropriate costume and wig that looked like a Davy Crockett hat. Margaret Lee's Myrtha was made notable by the lovely quality of her jump, but she needs to dominate the stage with more authority.

The 19th-century romanticism of Peter Rice's *décor* and costumes (discussed at length earlier) still appears to be an affected gimmick. This is more the pity as the company has a brace of Giselles and Albrechts who can hold their own with any in the country.

The Saturday matinée and evening performances showed *Solitaire*, *House of Birds*, *Bluebird* and *Façade*. In the afternoon the Britton and Boulton rôles in *Solitaire* were taken by Trevor and White respectively, Trevor was especially successful, though without the Britton bounce. *House of Birds* wears well, with Sara Neil, Michael Boulton and either Margaret Hill or Doreen Tempest all dancing with punch and point.

Remembering his Covent Garden performances, and considering the way he was dancing in the MacMillan ballets, Boulton's Bluebird came as rather a disappointment. Partly, he seemed to find the stage too small. His partner, Susan Alexander, made no strong impression, although she has definite promise.

The evening couple, Patricia Cox and Johaar Mosaval, are surely the smallest Bluebirds in the business, but neither is ideally suited to the *pas de deux*. Mosaval has *ballon* but naturally lacks elevation, and some of the minor details (an insufficiently curved *temps de poisson* for example) were blurred.

Walter Trevor wore a superb Valentino make-up as the Dago in *Façade*, but at the moment his characterisation does not go far beyond the grease-paint. Zolan, the evening's Dago, gave a crisply and efficiently routined performance. There was little to choose between the two dizzy, but not dewey, Debutantes, Sandra Vane and Margaret Hill. A newcomer to the company, Audrey Farris, proved one of the best Milkmaids I have seen, with an attractively knowing air. I also liked Britton and White in the Popular Song, and David Harding in the Fox-Trot. **Clive Barnes**

CECCHETTI CHOREOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

PAINTINGS by children are wild, exciting and fantastic. They nearly all reveal the imaginative power that only great artists can preserve with maturity. Children's poetry is also often quite startling in its innocent insight. Going on December 15 to the Queen Mary Hall in Great Russell Street to see the annual Choreographic Competition organised by the Cecchetti Society, I was intensely curious to see what kind of dances children thought of. Would they out-Graham Martha, would they make Jerry Robbins seem un-mixed-up?

Strangely enough, although once or twice a healthy breath of crazy surrealism intruded, for the most part the dances were polite and conventional. On reflection this was not so strange as it first seemed. The very formal conventions of ballet technique, and the impossibility of abstraction imposed by the human body, must have the same cramping influence on children as they have on professional choreographers, and it would be a rare child who could burst through into originality.

The competition is divided into a Junior and Senior Section. The ages of the juniors ranged from 8 to 13, while those in the Senior Section from 14 to 17. Each competitor, who are all, incidentally, pupils of Cecchetti teachers, can arrange a dance for any number of dancers they like. Some were solos, some involved casts of up to about 12. Each dance is performed in practice dress, but the competitors provide the adjudicators with a scenario, if applicable, and original designs for the proposed *décor* and costumes. Everything must be the child's own un-aided efforts.

The whole idea of the competition is a splendid one, and is typical of the enlightened approach the Cecchetti Society bring to teaching. How good the creation of these choreographic studies must be for the students. The general level of work shown was most interesting. The winner of the Junior Section was Janet Firman, with Janice Wright and Irene Bluemel as runners-up, and the winner of the Senior Section was Linda Wright, with Jessamy Pollock as runner-up. In the Senior Section the two winners, who both produced plotless ballets, were clearly the most mature, and on the whole I found the Junior Section the more rewarding. Apart from the contestants already named I was interested in the work of Claudine Arnell, and a remarkably sophisticated movement-study by Mandy Miller, the child film star. Also valuable was the dramatic dancing of Vivian Ann Dodds, a 14-year-old who has already won the Mabel Ryan Award, and a young dancer whose future career should be worth watching.

The adjudicators were Mrs. Olive Ripman, Mr. C. W. Beaumont and Miss Ena Child. **Clive Barnes**

Dance and Dancers . . . ABROAD

FRANCE

THE PARIS OPÉRA

COMING soon after the farewell performance of Serge Lifar in *Giselle*, Solange Schwarz made her last appearance in *Coppélia*. During the past ten years this artist, who is such a typical product of the Paris Opéra school, has been seen all too rarely on the leading stage of France. If people sometimes decry this school, they should not lose sight of the fact that it has an indisputable lineage. And Solange Schwarz is one of its aristocrats.

Endowed with an inimitable style in which precision is allied to a phenomenal speed and brio goes hand in hand with elegance, she has a physique which marks her out particularly as a *demi-caractère* dancer. She has been able to imprint her spiritual personality on such different rôles as the Degas Dancer in *Entre deux Rondes*, the ant and the hen in *Les Animaux Modèles* and the Princess-Hart in *Le Chevalier et la Demoiselle*.

Daughter, niece and sister of dancers—the Schwartz family is well known in ballet circles—Solange Schwarz was acclaimed on January 17 by an enthusiastic and greatly moved public which she soon had at her feet. Rarely has a farewell seemed more like an "au revoir." *Coppélia* has no interpreter in France today of the quality of Solange Schwarz, who follows in direct line of succession from the charming Giuseppina Bozzacchi, who created the rôle of Swanilda, and Carlotta Zambelli.

She danced the celebrated bravura passages with mischievous ease, grace and youthful freshness. In the *grand variation* of Act I she displayed the unequalled purity of her *dégagés à la seconde* and the dazzling speed of her *pirouettes*, and the *Pas de la Poupée* and the Spanish and Scottish dances of Act II had equal brilliance. Before such mastery one can only mourn the fact that this performance was announced as her last.

In the travesty rôle of Frantz, Paulette Dynalix once again showed her expressiveness and her sure stage sense. Raymond Franchetti has succeeded Efimoff in the role of *Coppélius*, which he mimes with true feeling.

This performance had opened with *Le Spectre de la Rose*, or rather a shade of a ghost impersonated without any poetic mystery by Raoul Bari, partnering the graceful Josette Amiel. (Why is not Fokine's work given to someone with a more suitable temperament?) Mlle Amiel shone more brilliantly in an exceptionally strongly cast *Suite en blanc*, which included Solange Schwarz and all the *ètoiles* except Christiane Vaussard and Alexandre Kalioujny. Thus the public were able to appreciate in turn Yvette Chauviré, Madeleine Lafor, Claude Bessy, Lycette Darsonval and Liane Daydé, and Peter Van Dijk, Max Bonzzoni, Michel Renault and Youly Algaroff. It was a charming tribute to gather them around the older dancer, whom we will always remember on the Opéra stage.

The recent promotion to *première danseuse* of Claire Motte has been followed by her taking over several rôles, in each of which she has shown her purity of style, her authority and her natural nobility. Thus did she distinguish herself in the Jewel Dance in *La Tragédie de Salomé* and in the *pas de trois* in *Suite en Blanc*, in the part created by Paulette Dynalix. Mention should also be made of Sarelli's expressive rendering of the part of John the Baptist in the first ballet. Sarelli is becoming one of the best mimes in the company, an aspect of ballet sadly neglected nowadays.

The revival of Debussy's *Le Martyr de Saint-Sébastien* has had to be delayed by a few days. It is now fixed for the first week of February.

Auditions were held on November 18 for male recruits for the *corps de ballet*, a timely event.

LUISILLO

AT the Théâtre de l'Étoile, Luisillo is having a great success with the programme recently seen in London and reviewed by Peter Williams in the January number.

Luisillo's dramatic and sensitive acting makes *El Ciego* and *Luna Sangrandente* the best items in a programme which has a consistent appeal for one reason and another, although enhanced by no first-class artist apart from its leader. There can be no doubt that Luisillo, a real man of the theatre, is more and more assuming an important and original place on the fringes of the great companies of Spanish dancers which are too often bogged down by traditionalism.

THE HUNGARIAN DANCERS

ALREADY seen in Paris in February 1955, the Hungarian Dancers have just returned to uphold the flag of their folklore. Present events imparted to their programme, given at the Théâtre de l'Alhambra-Maurice Chevalier, a topical significance and emotion was intensified by the presence of a large Hungarian contingent in the audience. The dancers and dances were the same. The only difference was that the chorus was replaced by a small gypsy orchestra, so that one was deprived of the popular songs of Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály. The high tapestries of the previous season were also missed.

The curtain rises on the *Dances of Dragszel*, a suite of dances from a district south of Budapest, a clacking of slippers and boots in a whirl of pleated skirts and flowered aprons. The girls had their usual success in the Bottle Dance, with its delicate balancing feats, and in the *Dance of Three Leaps*, an ingenious, ever-quickening round. The men showed off their energy and their virtuosity in the *Dance of the Men of Gyorgyfalva* and the *Dance of the Hortobagy Shepherds*. But it is the *Wedding at Ecser* which leaves the strongest impression of the group dances. **Marie Françoise Christout**

AMERICA

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

RETURNING to their home base at the New York City Centre after nine months of touring in the United States and Europe, the New York City Ballet opened a ten-week season late in December and the news, in brief, is that the company is in mighty fine form. Very much missed, of course, is Tanaquil LeClercq, who is still convalescing in Blegdams Hospitalet, in Copenhagen. That the company is dancing at the top of its form is no longer news, but this, too, must be personally gratifying to Balanchine, who has remained in Copenhagen with his wife.

Foregoing a much-needed holiday after the opening of his newest musical, *The Bells Are Ringing*, on Broadway, Jerome Robbins has most actively assumed his post of Associate Artistic Director of the company. A distinguished capacity audience turned out on opening night to welcome the company home, and remained to bravo at the conclusion of the fourth ballet, *Western Symphony*, which was given its most rousing performance in memory. The programme opened with Jerome Robbins' *Interplay*, was followed by Diana Adams in *Swan Lake*, and the third work was the justifiably popular *The Still Point* by Todd Bolender, and here, again, Melissa Hayden danced off with the honours of the evening.

The following evening saw the return of Maria Tallchief in *Pas de Dix*, as well as the local première of Balanchine's *Divertimento No. 15*, a completely re-made version of his earlier *Caracole* to the same Mozart score. Conceived in the true Balanchine style, it is beautifully danced in a ravishing set of new costumes by Karinska and the gold back drop, originally designed by James Stuart Morcom for another Mozart ballet, adds a wonderful flavour of period elegance. Its eight solo rôles were performed by Diana Adams, Melissa Hayden, Yvonne Mounsey, Patricia Wilde, Barbara Milberg, Nicholas Magallanes, Roy Tobias and newcomer Jonathan Watts, who shows great promise.

During the Christmas holiday season the company has revived its full-length *Nutcracker*, which played to capacity houses as usual. The first week in January the company returned to its varied repertoire and the second highlight of the first half of its current season was the New York première of Gian-Carlo Menotti's *The Unicorn, the Gorgan and the Manticore*, with choreography by John Butler and with Janet Reed and Arthur Mitchell in leading rôles. A report on this new work and more news of the company's season will appear in the April issue.

BALLET THEATRE'S RETURN

Ballet Theatre returned to America on February 6, and on February 10 gave a gala performance at the Metropolitan Opera House. The highlight of this programme was Kenneth MacMillan's new ballet, *Winter's Eve*, starring Nora Kaye and John Kriza, which is set to music by Benjamin Britten and has décor by Nicholas Georgiadis. Other ballets on this bill included *Theme and Variations*, with Lupe Serrano and Scott Douglas, and *Helen of Troy*, with Erik Bruhn and Lupe Serrano. Rosella Hightower, incidentally, left Ballet Theatre at the end of its European tour to join the Marquis de Cuevas ballet group as ballerina and artistic director.

After a five-and-half-week cross-country tour Ballet Theatre is returning to New York, where

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it will make a radical change in its current policy. Its spring season at the Metropolitan Opera House has been cancelled and, instead, the company will have a seven-week rehearsal period, during which time they will present four Monday evening programmes of new works at the off-Broadway Phoenix Theatre. It will be remembered that last spring one such programme presented at the Phoenix Theatre won more praise for Ballet Theatre than did its three-week season at the Met. Two of these programmes will be composed of works by young choreographers and will feature members of the Ballet Theatre School.

ON December 30 Agnes de Mille presented the second in her series of television programmes on dance on the "Omnibus" programme—titled *The Art of Choreography* and lasting a full hour. De Mille employed a company of 25 dancers and traced dance forms from the primitive to today's ballet and musical comedy needs. Included in the array of performers were Diana Adams, Frederick Franklin, James Jamieson, Gemze de Lappe, James Mitchel, Sonia Arova, Jenny Workman and Kelly Brown. Perhaps the most interesting part of the programme was the section where Miss de Mille demonstrated and explained how she created a section of *Rodeo*. This choreographer also happens to be a gifted speaker and her rich fund of knowledge on the subject does not prevent her from treating it with wit and clarity. For this reason, and as a result of three weeks of rehearsal in the television studio, this programme eclipsed all previous efforts here in televising dance.

RUTH PAGE'S Chicago Opera Ballet, featuring *Revenge* and *The Merry Widow*, and starring Marjorie Tallchief and George Skibine, is currently on tour visiting 102 cities in America. When this company visited the Brooklyn Academy in late December, George Skibine was out of the cast due to an injury and his rôles were danced more than creditably by Kenneth Johnson. Though it was a considerable disappointment not to see Skibine after his six-year absence from these shores, it must be added that Marjorie Tallchief danced more beautifully than ever. **Arthur Todd**

What Became of Junior?

(*continued from page* 24)

company as it does in almost every other civilised country. But conditions for the lyric theatre in England are far from ideal, and the national ballet clearly must have one company more or less continuously on the road. Yet I wonder whether the future of the national ballet will be safe without its experimental wing. To me it seems that there is the need for the formation of a third company, based in London.

At the moment it might seem that the financial obstacles to such a proposal are impassable, and they might well be so. Yet such a company could also undertake the operatic chores now performed by the Covent Garden Opera Ballet and the Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet. Possibly also now the Royal Ballet has its charter its financial position will become easier. Perhaps the Covent Garden Opera could be persuaded to cut its coat according to its cloth, and not rely on the ballet's American tours to pay any more of its tailor's bills. Furthermore, the Theatre Ballet was playing to sold-out houses in Brighton, and I was told that this was the rule rather than the exception. With careful management it could, perhaps, be run and take up very little of the Arts Council subsidy, or even show a small profit which could be ploughed back, like the American takings, into the ballet.

Apart from this change of function there are also many new problems facing the Theatre Ballet. For a small and young company eight performances a week and constant travelling place on it a very heavy burden, Thanks to the work of Addison, Field and Legerton the company's technical standards are very high indeed, but the strain must be considerable. Also how can a troupe of dancers living out of suitcases be expected to develop emotionally? How are they going to come into contact with the outside world, find time or opportunity to read, go to concerts or art galleries, or even to live a normal life? What kind of future are they being offered? Dancers are supposed to be artists, not acrobats, human beings not machines. What happens when they get bored with touring—do you just throw them away and pick up a new batch out of the school? Now that the dancers of both companies are members of the Royal Ballet some degree of interchangeability, with all its obvious disadvantages, might provide a partial solution to some of these problems.

When you think that British ballet is now world-renowned, and is one of the few art forms in which we have international prestige, it seems terribly odd the amount of compromising and improvising it still has to do.

Clive Barnes

COVER STORIES

This month's front cover, by Roy Round, is of Alexander Grant in the title rôle of Fokine's *Petrouchka*, which is being reconstructed by the Grigorieffs for the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden. The première will take place at a gala on March 26 in aid of the Sadler's Wells Benevolent Fund, to be attended by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

GRANT was born in Wellington, New Zealand, where he started to study dancing from the age of seven. He was awarded an RAD scholarship, came to London in 1946 and entered the Sadler's Wells School. While a student he danced in many ballets with the Sadler's Wells Ballet and later appeared with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. When he was moved back to the company at Covent Garden, it was Leonide Massine who saw Grant's potentiality and cast him as the Barber in *Mam'zelle Angot*. Ever since he made such a hit in this rôle, Grant has never looked back. Massine created two more rôles for him—in *Clock Symphony* and *Donald of the Burthens*. Grant also created important rôles in de Valois' *Don Quixote*, Petit's *Ballabile*, and in several works by Ashton, such as *Daphnis and Chloe*, *Sylvia*, *Variations on a Theme of Purcell*, *Madame Chrysanthème*. He is, without question, the finest character dancer in British ballet.

Ballet Dates

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET
at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Feb.
20 *Les Sylphides*, *The Firebird* (return of Fonteyn), *Les Patineurs*
23 (M) *Sylvia* (Linden, Blair)
23 (E) *Sylvia* (Beriosova, Chatfield)
27 *The Lady and the Fool*, *Les Patineurs*, *The Firebird*

Mar.
1 *Coppélia* (Fifield, Shaw)
2 (M) *Les Sylphides*, *The Firebird*, *Coppélia*, *Act III*
2 (E) *Coppélia* (Lane, Grant)
4 *Cinderella* (Fonteyn, Somes)
5 *Cinderella* (Nerina, Blair)
6 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
7 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Linden, Hynd)
8 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
9 (M) *Cinderella* (Linden, Doyle)
9 (E) *Cinderella* (Fonteyn, Somes)
11 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
12 *Les Patineurs*, *Checkmate*, *Daphnis and Chloe*
13 *Les Patineurs*, *Checkmate*, *Daphnisand Chloe*
14 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
15 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Linden Hynd)
16 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Fifield, Blair)
16 (E) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Fonteyn, Somes)
18 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Beriosova Chatfield)
19 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Jackson, Somes)
20 *Sylvia* (Fonteyn, Somes)
21 *Sylvia* (Grey,* Chatfield)
22 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Fifield, Blair)
23 (M) *Sylvia* (Linden, Blair)
23 (E) *Sylvia* (Beriosova, Chatfield)
25 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey,* Chatfield)
26 Gala in aid of Sadler's Wells Benevolent Fund—*Les Sylphides* (with Markova), *Petrouchka* (première), *Birthday Offering*
27 *Les Sylphides*, *Petrouchka*, *Birthday Offering*
28 *Les Sylphides*, *Petrouchka*, *Ballet Imperial*
29 *Les Patineurs*, *Petrouchka*, *Ballet Imperial*
30 (M) *Les Petrouchka*, *Ballet Imperial*
30 (E) *Les Patineurs*, *Petrouchka*, *Birthday Offering*

Apr.
1 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
2 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
3 *Checkmate*, *Petrouchka*, *Les Patineurs*,
4 *Checkmate*, *Petrouchka*, *Les Patineurs*
5 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
6 (M) *Noctambules*, *Petrouchka*, *Ballet Imperial*
6 (E) *Noctambules*, *Petrouchka*, *Ballet Imperial*
9 *Les Patineurs*, *Symphonic Variations*, *Petrouchka*
9 *Noctambules*, *Symphonic Variations*, *Petrouchka*
10 *Ballet Imperial*, *Job*, *Daphnis and Chloe*
11 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey,* Chatfield)

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET
12 *Les Sylphides*, *Job*, *Petrouchka*
13 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey,* Chatfield)
13 (E) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Fonteyn, Somes)

* Cast subject to alteration owing to Beryl Grey's appendictis operation.

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Feb.
18 Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton
25 Gaumont Theatre, Southampton

Mar.
4 Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham
11 Lyceum Theatre, Sheffield
18 Embassy Theatre, Peterborough
25 Theatre Royal, Norwich

Apr.
8 Kings Theatre, Southsea
15 Palace Theatre, Plymouth

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18 Hippodrome, Golders Green
25 Hippodrome, Brighton

Mar.
4 New Theatre, Oxford
11 The Empire Theatre, Liverpool
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18 Theatre Royal Newcastle
25 Festival Theatre, Malvern

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